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BABELL;
A SATIRICAL POEM,
ON
THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE
GENERAL ASSEMBLY
IN THE YEAR M.DC.XCII.



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PREFATORY NOTICE.

WHEN Fanaticism and Folly will not listen to the dictates of Reason, SATIRE, though a bitter, is often found a powerful corrective. Pinkerton asserts that Sir David Lindsay, in satirizing the vices of the Catholic clergy, and the abuses of religion, 'was more the reformer of Scotland than John Knox ; for he prepared the ground, and John only sowed the seed.' With equal plausibility it may be maintained, that the satirical writers of the seventeenth century, by ridiculing the austerity and correcting the follies of the Presbyterian divines, paved, in a great measure, the way for that liberality of opinion, and propriety of conduct, which now so highly distinguish the clergy of Scotland. While Butler ably and severely satirized the wild theories of the Puritans and Millenarians in England ; Colvil, Pitcairne, and others, lashed, with equal spirit and ingenuity, the absurd conduct and opinions of the more bigoted Presbyterians of Scotland.

The seventeenth century was fraught with new doctrines in religion, and changes in the constitution of Britain. The Civil War broke down those venerable attributes of Monarchy, which had hitherto been respected with implicit

faith—the *jus divinum* of kings, and the *passive obedience* of the people, were no longer acknowledged. A spirit of religious enthusiasm, which ultimately led to confusion and intolerance, was engendered in the country: the wildest doctrines with regard to religion and civil polity, were promulgated; and it would almost appear, that in the ‘new order of things,’ the more absurd such doctrines were, the more readily were they received by the people.

During the Commonwealth, the military sway of Cromwell gave no satisfaction to the clergy of Scotland. Though Presbytery was considered as the established religion, its General Assemblies were abolished, and, among other causes of complaint, its ministers were restrained from that free discussion in pulpit, upon civil as well as religious topics, which the spirit of the times inculcated.

The Restoration of Charles II, was, therefore, hailed as the harbinger of freedom to the Kirk. But Charles, goaded on by the English bishops, and, perhaps, offended with the republican spirit of Presbytery, and the austerity of its professors, established Episcopacy as the national religion in Scotland. This unwise step, added to the vain attempts which he made to recover those prerogatives, of which the late civil war had deprived the crown, alienated the hearts of his Presbyterian subjects, who looked upon him as a perjured monarch, who had broken the solemn oath which he had pledged to uphold presbytery as the established religion in Scotland.

But presbytery found a greater and more dangerous enemy in the succeeding monarch, whose power was openly exerted to overthrow the protestant church, and to restore

popery. The Revolution, however, defeated this design, and wrought an important change in the aspect of church affairs in Scotland. The abolition of Episcopacy, and the re-establishment of Presbytery, as the national religion, by a monarch professing the same faith, gave great encouragement to the presbyterian clergy, who, in the preceding reigns of James and Charles, had sunk into insignificance and degradation. On arising from such an abject state to the height of power, it is hardly to be wondered at, that they should forget the christian spirit of moderation and forgiveness, and should retaliate upon their ancient enemies, the bishops and the curates, all those ills which they had themselves so recently suffered: that in the heat of contest, and with a desire to root out every thing that approached, in the slightest degree, towards the doctrines or rites of papistry, (for they considered episcopacy as nearly assimilated), they should run into ‘right hand extremes and left hand defections,’ and hold opinions, which might be viewed, with some justice, as the offspring of fanaticism and intolerance. Their manners too, were, in general, austere and unbending, and the least slip by an individual in rectitude of conduct, was readily seized upon by his enemies, as a vulnerable point through which the whole body might be assailed. Among the ousted curates* were many men of genius, who wreaked their revenge by ridiculing either the personal defects—the private character—the bigotry, or the

* Among whom were Mr. Robert Calder or Cadell, Mr. Finnie, &c. several of whose lampoons are printed in the *BOOK OF SCOTTISH PASQUILS*.

immorality of the presbyterian clergymen, in satiric verses and scurrilous anecdotes. These were not vented against the clergy alone, but were also fulminated at those laymen, who were inimical to the Stewart dynasty, or the Episcopal religion.

Among the most celebrated of the satirical wits of the day, whose pens were wielded in support of the Jacobite cause, **Doctor ARCHIBALD PITCAIRNE**, the author of the following poem of **BABELL**, shone with conspicuous lustre. As an eminent physician, his name has been rendered illustrious throughout Europe ; and although his fame as a poet has not spread so wide, it has been justly appreciated by his countrymen.

Various biographical accounts of Dr. Pitcairne having already appeared in numerous scientific works, the Editor deems it, therefore, unnecessary, in a publication like the present, to resume the subject of his Life. He, however, cannot resist availing himself of this opportunity to give the following animated sketch of his character and talents, as contained in an unpublished letter (*pence* Robert Pitcairne, Esq.) written by Dr. John Drummond, Senr. to Dr. Thomas Bower, shortly after his death, which happened on the 20th October, 1713.

“ I told you in my last, that Dr. Pitcairne was confined to the house, and I made too sure a prognostic, that he would never come again abroad, for on Friday, the 20th of October, about ten o’clock at night, he died, to the great detriment of learning, and the vast regret, I am sure, of all learned men, both at home and abroad. I was in the country when he died, but I am well informed that all the while

he kept the house, he was in the greatest tranquility and composedness of mind imaginable ; and after this manner, without pain or trouble, and with just apprehensions of God and religion, as he constantly lived, left the world ;— and we may expect just accounts of him, *quem odio aut gratia meis exemit*. And I am confident his character will be as bright and shining as any of the greatest worthies our nation can boast of, either in the present or past ages.

“He was the most learned Physician that this kingdom ever bred. He was professor of Medicine at Edinburgh and Leyden, and he graced and adorned these chairs, with uncommon learning and knowledge. His excellent dissertations are lasting monuments of his noble genius, and of what advantage and light, he has thrown into the darkest parts of Medicine. In them, he proved the continuities of the veins and arteries, without which, the circulation of the blood was imperfect. He has demonstrated the necessity of obstructions happening in the arteries, rather than in the nerves, and in the nerves, rather than in the veins, and that from their make and figure. He both explained respiration and the structure of the lungs, and has proved that the air does not penetrate through the coats of the vessels to mix with the blood in them, contrary to the opinion of the great Borelli. He has told us how digestion is performed, viz. by the strong muscles of the stomach, and the muscles of the diaphragm and abdomen, and all this in a due mathematical way. He has destroyed ferments in the stomach, and other parts of the body, for correcting of which, so many unnecessary drugs were given by physicians. He has established the circular figure of pores and defeated the con-

trary opinion, and has given sufficient hints, by which secretion and nutrition may be explained. He has banished *materiae subtiles*, occult qualities, and such other gibberish, and has shewn that acids and alkalies, as such, cure no diseases. He has demonstrated the evacuations proper in fevers, by exact calculation. He has explained vision, and demonstrated the nature and diseases of the eye, and their causes. To be short, he has joined the Physician and Mathematician so happily together, that he has given us in a manner, an *œconomia animalis*, at least he has explained and demonstrated the most difficult and most considerable things in *œconomia animalis*, that his dissertations are so far the only solid institutions of Medicine we now have. Neither were these idle speculations and vain amusements, for he founded on them a rational practice, which he had so universally here for many years, and performed with so great judgment and success, that even these Physicians who had no good will at him were forced to acknowledge his inventions, and follow his method in curing diseases, which is the best now known in any part of the world, being short and proper, and free from the idle pomp and unnecessary far-rago of too many drugs.

“The calumny of Atheism objected against him by fanatical and enthusiastical spirits, who brand both good and learned men with this odious name, that cannot come up to their ridiculous opinions and notions, is absurd and false; for no man believed more firmly the existence of a God, and demonstrated it more clearly, as may be seen in his dissertation, *De circulatione sanguinis in animalibus genitis et non genitis*, in which he has proved against Des Cartes

and others, that an animal cannot be mechanically produced, but must owe its original to a Supreme Being; whose existence he has demonstrated to the satisfaction and conviction of all mankind.

“For his Poetry, which was always in latin,* he not only equalled, but excelled the best poets of his age. We find in all his poems, a justness of thought, a vivacity of spirit, excellent turns of wit, a preciseness of style, and a happy imitation of the best antient authors; so that he may be compared to our great Buchanan himself. If we consider in what haste and hurry, the most of his performances were done, by reason of the crowd of business he was engaged in, it is still more surprising; but this is only known to some few in this place, and not to be observed by those who read his works, which are absolutely complete and perfect in their kind.

+ “There is a design of collecting his poems, and printing them altogether.† Some of his verses, made of late years, are to be omitted as not having the ordinary life and spirit in them, and not being of a piece with the former. I suppose it will be thought fit to prefix his life to them, and I shall contribute all I can, to preserve the memory of so great a man, who was the glory and ornament of his country and profession.

“Though he got much money by his extraordinary skill

* Although Dr. Pitcairn's chief poems are in Latin, he also composed many in the English language.

† This is still a desideratum in Scottish literature, worthy the notice of the Associates of the MAITLAND CLUB.

and practice in Physic ; yet he did not hoard up riches, but dealt liberally to his poor friends and relations, and also gave frankly and generously to young men of good spirits, who were in narrow circumstances. So he was not only a learned man, but a Mæcenæ too, and an encourager of learning through the whole course of his life. His great care and commiseration of the poor, ought not to be omitted. He not only gave them medicine freely, but money too, for their relief and support ; and this kind of charity, is one of the best effects of pure and undefiled religion. Besides, he did not spend all his money on his pleasure and freaks, but erected a most noble Library, which for the great variety and excellent collection of books, is one of the finest I have seen belonging to any private man in the kingdom.

“His love to his country, and loyalty to his Prince, were extraordinary—they seemed always to fill his head and heart—and in all his discourses and verses, we find a mighty penchant and byass that way. Loyalty was still the burden of all his songs. In a word, he was one of the greatest geniuses that this age produced ; being an excellent Mathematician and Philosopher, a learned and skilful Physician, a quaint and delicate Poet, a judge and master of all polite learning, a generous and charitable man, and a most loyal and dutiful subject.

“I beg pardon for troubling you with this hasty and incoherent scribble. The doleful remembrance of our dear friend may plead my excuse. You know these, and a great many more things about him, worthy to be remembered, which I am not able to express. I entreat you not to communicate this letter to any body. If I had designed to

make it public, I had put it in another dress, and in another language, which, perhaps, may be done if my occasions can allow. This only to give vent to my present passion of grief, which is far greater than I could ever have imagined it could have been; and to acknowledge with gratitude, that what small advances I have made in my profession, is chiefly owing to his advice and assistance. Upon the whole, I cannot but admire and applaud your steady and constant adherence to him in his greatest difficulties, and in the weakness and infirmities of old age. What excellent things you have done in his defence, are particularly known to me, and if they are as well understood by the learned world, they would certainly set your true merits in a clear light, and eternally recommend your unspotted fidelity and friendship.

“Our poets, here, are hard at work to do something considerable on this occasion; and it is just and reasonable, that he who so often celebrated the praises of our heroes and learned men, should not be passed over in silence. We have some good, some bad, and some indifferent verses, as is ordinary on such occasions. I have sent you some printed copies of verses. That poem without a name is Mr. Kerr’s, and pleases me very well. The thoughts are just and great, and it is very poetical, and not unlike the Doctor’s own way of writing. What other things of this nature worth your while, comes abroad, shall be transmitted to you. I have occasion to see and revise the most part of the poems made on this occasion. ’Tis expected that your famous English poets, especially Mr.

Prior, his old comrade will plume his pen, and do right and honour to the memory of so great a man."

The statement, which Dr. Drummond gives in the foregoing letter, as to Doctor Pitcairne's religious belief, vindicates him from the calumnious accusation of being an atheist. It cannot be denied that the Doctor may have, on many occasions, exposed himself, in the freedom of conversation, and by his satirical writings against the more rigid presbyterians, to the charge of infidelity; although there does not in reality appear to be any evidence of its truth. Wodrow, however, in the following notice of the Doctor, while he seems to free him of this charge, pointedly accuses him of deism, and as a reviler of religion.

"This month, Oct. 1713, at y^e close of it, I think, Archibald Pitcairn dyed at Edin. He was the most celebrated physitian in Scotland this age, and certainly a man of great skill, and now of long experience. I am told he still spent three or four hours ev'ry morning in reading and writing, and some people talk y^t every day he did read a portion of the scripture, tho' it seems he made ill use of it. He was a professed deiste, and by many alledged to be ane atheist, tho' he has frequently professed his belife of a God, and said he could not deny a providence. However he was a great mocker of religion, and ridiculer of it: he kepted noe publick society for worship: on the Sabbath had his sett meetings, for ridiculing of the scripture and sermons. He was a good humanist, and very curiouse in his choice of books and library. He gote a vast income, but spent it upon drinking, and was twice drunk every day. He was a sort of a poet. Ther goes a story of ane ap-

partition he had frequently, q^{ch} he oused.* He dyed not very rich, and for some years he was much declined in his bussiness and health. Some say he had remorse at

* The ghost story, here alluded to, is probably the following, preserved by WODROW, among many others of a similar nature, in his *Analecta*.

‘The 3d [account] is as to the knowen Dr. Pitcairn at Edin. My informer acquaints me that the Dr. has frequently told him of David ***** (I think Lindsay is his name, if I remember), his constant appearing to him, to that time, which was but a litle before the Doctor’s death. David was clerk to the Council at Edin. and had been intimat with the Dr. at the college and schools, and afterwards; and they used very frequently to be together. Whether they wer of the same disbelieving principles and equally scepticall, my informer knowes not. The Doctor was at Paris when David dyed at Edin. Just about the time of David’s death, (as the Doctor afterwards came to know), that same night, the Doctor at Paris dreamed that he was at Edin., and heard of David’s death, and did belive it, but afterwards he mett him in the Landmerket, and David desired he might go with him. That the Doctor said he was dead, and he would not go with him. That David said it was true that his body was dead, and that they had carryed it to the Grayfrier churchyard, but he was still alive as much as before, and the Doctor behoved to go with him. That he went down the street with him with reluctancy, and into severall houses wher they used to drink, but got not access. That still he importuned the Doctor to go with him, and went donn Leith Wynd, and the Doctor went to Caltoun Craiges and left him, and sau him go to a slap, and go out of his sight. That this dream was repeted to him eight or ten nights with severall variations, but still in sleep David appeared to him, till letters came from Edin. to Paris, and he went to his banker ther to get money, who told him with great regrate, that by this day’s post he had letters that on such a night, (when the Doctor dreamed first), his good friend David ***** dyed at Edin. The Dr. was struck, he said; and told his banker that he belived it was true, and gave him some hint of his dreaming. The Doctor added, that since that time, generally speaking, David appeared to him every night. My informer asked the Doctor if he could account for such an odd passage. He swore he could not account for it at first; but he tho’t he could account for it since: And throu his life I helive he imagined, by habite and custome, that the matter was fact. And he had another instance of a dream of the same nature about his sister; that he vent, as he tho’t, to her house in his sleep, and could not find her, and next day he got the accounts of her death. These are odd passages, and if fact, and not coined by the Doctor as they

* * * * *

seem to be strange vouchafments of providence, to a person of the Doctor’s temper and sense, and methods of conviction, which might perhaps be some way accounted for, but I fear wer misimproved by him.”—Vol. 5, p. 440.

his death; but others that he continued to mock at religion, and all that is serious. He was a Jacobite violent, and was consulted ament the Pretender's health. He was a man of great learning, and was sometime professor at Leyden, and till of late kept a great correspondence wth learned men abroad."—*ANALECTA MS. VOL. III. p. 243. Adv. Lib.*

The above character of Dr. Pitcairne, is by one who cannot be supposed to have admired either his political, or his religious principles. It is, however, valuable as giving the opinion of his talents, his politics, and religion, by the organ of a party, to whose views in church and state he was diametrically opposed. Wodrow's account of his moral and religious character, must, however, be received with caution. It is likely to have been formed, not from personal observation, but from the remarks of others whose party or religious spirit—or, perhaps, whose feelings smarting under the severity of his satire—might be inclined to exaggerate his frailties in morality and religion. From letters preserved in Wodrow's collections there appears to be some reason for this remark. The Rev. James Williamson, Minister in Edinburgh, (son of the celebrated Mr. David Williamson) in a letter to Mr. Wodrow, 17th Oct., 1713, writes;—"I'm very apprehensive of some sad 'judgment on these lands, atheism and irreligion are so 'prevalent, notwithstanding of the Gospell light we have 'been priviledged with. That miserable creature D. 'P[itcair]n has of late been very bussy for the D[iv]el's 'interest among people, but is now confined to his room 'and it's thought cant last long.'"* It is certain that

* *Wodrow's Collections, vol. 7, p. 136, Adv. Lib.*

Doctor Pitcairne, whatever reasons he might give the world to suppose him an atheist, was, however, unwilling to be thought one. Wodrow, in the above notice, admits that he professed the belief of a deity, and, in a passage in his *Analecta*, he gives an account of the Doctor publicly vindicating this belief in a law-suit against the Rev. Dr. Webster of Edinburgh, who had openly called him an atheist.

Dr. Pitcairne, as a violent Jacobite, and therefore inimical to Presbytery, whose ministers were the chief promulgators of the calumny of atheism against him, readily found in their private characters and conduct, and in the ceremonies and government of the Kirk, familiar subjects for his satire. But the General Assembly of 1692, from its unruly character, appears to have afforded him the most ample *materiel* for ridicule : To it we owe the production of his witty comedy of *THE ASSEMBLY*, and of the following poem of *BABELL*, in both of which, the characters are sustained by its leading members. The comedy has gone through several editions, while the poem, which may fairly rank among the most humorous and descriptive Satires of the time, is now for the first time printed.*

With regard to its poetical merits, it would be disingenuous to be too critical : although, in many places, there is an apparent neglect of the niceties of quantity and rhythm, yet such irregularities evidently proceed, not from a want of taste and ability, but rather from such a close attention to

* It may be remarked that MESTON, a satirical writer of the succeeding century, must have possessed a copy of *BABELL*, as he has been guilty of appropriating large portions of it in his poem of *The Knight of the Kirk*.

the main subject of the poem, as to lead the author to disregard the minor circumstances of versification. This loose mode of composition, with respect to satirical pieces, is well known to have been common in that age, especially among poets who chiefly rested their poetical fame on the construction of Latin verse.

It will, probably, be objected that an unbecoming coarseness of expression frequently occurs, especially in passages put in the mouths of several reverend members of the Assembly. But it ought to be remembered that a greater freedom of language was allowed to humorous writers in former times, than would now be tolerated; and besides, it may be presumed, that there may have been certain characteristics, in the different speakers portrayed in the poem, known only to those existing at the time.

It may be observed, that there are two manuscripts of the poem—one in the possession of Dr. Keith of Edinburgh, and the other contained in a volume of Pasquils, &c. formerly belonging to that indefatigable collector ROBERT MILNE, and now in the library of Dundas of Arniston. These have been carefully collated, in forming the present publication, and where any difference existed between them, it has been noticed in the VARIOUS READINGS, and marked with the letter A (for *Arniston M.S.*) or K (for *Keith M.S.*). The latter manuscript, being the more correct of the two, has been mostly relied on for the readings which have been adopted.

The NOTES will, it is hoped, tend to illustrate many passages in the Poem. Much difficulty has been experienced

in discovering the application of the allusions to persons and circumstances, which, though well known at the time, are now either forgotten, or partially remembered. As they chiefly relate to the private character and conduct of individuals, the difficulty was more enhanced; and the Editor has, therefore, with the greatest research, been unable, in many instances, to discover their explanation.

B A B E L L;
OR
THE ASSEMBLY,
A P O E M,

MDCXCII.

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN THE IRISH TONGUE AND TRANSLATED
INTO SCOTTISH, FOR THE BENEFITE OF THE
LEIDGES.

BY

A. P.

A WELL WISHER TO THE CAUSE.

GENESIS xi. 8.—So the Lord scatred them abroad from thence upon the face of all
the Earth and they left off to build the city.

QUIS FUROR, O CIVES—*Lucanus.*

THE
A P P O L L A G I E

FOR THE

A U T H O R.

RHYME is a tyrant and a knave,
And ev'ry rhymer is a slave,
And consequentlie by meer force
Is driven like a very horse :
Therefor, the clergie should excuse him,
If that they think he does abuse them.
If this can not defend his verse,
He bids Mes John come kiss his —

VERBUM SAPIENTI SAT EST.

A HOLY
CONVOCATION.

ASSIST me all, ye Muses nyne !
With a beer glass of fourtie nyne ;
For it is better, ten to one,
Then water of the Hellicon,
To warm the braine, and clear the witt, 5
And make a satyr dance and skip.
Assist ! till I sing what did pass
Att the last meeting of the Ass—
Semblic, begun with frost and snow,
And just dissolved with the thow : 10
When expectation swelled big,
Both of the Torie and the Whig,
When each, his party to advance,
Did tell quite diff'rent news from France,
Tho' both told nothing but damnd lies, 15
Of speaking cats, and prophesies ;
Each strove the other to pull down,
And cloak did grapple with the gown ;

Episcopalls and Presbyters
Were yoa'k'd together by the ears, 20
About the form of Government,
For never one could both content ;
While both did strive to rule the roast—
Whoever wins it's to our cost.
Mean while the cold phlegmatick trimmer, 25
(Who is a kynd of lukewarm sinner,
And for noe side would lose his dinner,)
Stood by, and gentlie smyl'd to see
Brithren thus live in unitie.
Quoth he, 'This wars amangst divines, 30
Shamefa' them wins, shamefa' them tines.'
That these fire contests might be ended,
A Convocation was intended,
Which did meet, at the time appoynted,
By consent of the Lord's annoynted. 35
But all the while they were together,
I'm sure we had the sadest weather,
That has been seen for manie years,
Because, say they, the Devill fears
That we his hellesh thron mak tumble :— 40
Some say, he's noe such bettiebumble,
This stratagem he used rather
To keep the brethren long together,
Being affraid that they should part,
For he likes mischeife with his heart. 45
To this renoun'd Assemblie cam,
E'en from Bersheba vnto Dan,
Many a learned, worthy man.

The Ministers, with ther lay Elders,
Which souters, wabsters, were, and pedlers, 50
All interlin'd with Lords and Lairds,
Who'le neither play at dice nor cairds,
For that they judge as great a crime
As on the Sabbath day to dine :
Ther gesture and ther garb was such, 55
Non could know 'mongst them which was which :
Some had gray cloaks, and some had black ;
Some had a band, some a cravat ;
Some had swords, some had sticks like flails ;
But all had both good teeth and nails, 60
Which they ne're want as ready weapons
For self-defence whatever happens.—
When all was husht, a great divine
Rose, Moderator for the time,
And very wide his mouth did ope, 65
At ev'ry word flew out a drope.
' Brethren, who represent the Kirk,'
Quoth he, ' we're met here for the work
' Of planting, diging, and of sowing ;
' Of prunning, plucking vp, and mowing ; 70
' For ev'ry one of yow does ken
' That we're spirituall husbandmen
' And shepherds.' Thus when he had said,
He humm'd a while, and then he pray'd.
Lest superstitione they committ, 75
Each chose the posture he thought fitt,
(For Presbyterians scoff and scorn
At prayeing in a decent form :)

Some stood, some sat, some laid ther heads
 Upon ther nighbours shoulder blades ; 80
 Some bow'd ther bodies down, but some
 Did lean them on ther nighbours bum.
 Noe painter could draw the grimaces
 That appeared in ther faces :
 Some gasp't, some star'd, some visage wrung, 85
 Some look't as they had smelled dung ;
 Some winkt, some others I did see
 That girn'd and turn'd up white of ee,
 Like those who have convulsion fits,
 Or are deprived of their wits. 90
 Yet all these postures did agree
 Exactly in deformitie.
 Extemporarie prayer ended,
 Without *Amen*, for that's condemned
 Be all the Presbyterian rable 95
 As a vain superstitious bable,
 Then up the Moderator rose,
 Streak'd his fore head, and wrung his nose,
 And up a litle pull'd his breeches,
 And bray'd out these following speeches. 100
 'Brethren,' said he, 'ye all know well
 'What latelie Mr. Hugh befell,
 'Betwixt the Cross and Fountain Well ;
 'Since that he hes been alwayes ill
 'Of head and heart, and is so still : 105
 'Therefor he made me his deput
 'The Assemblie to constitute.
 'Therefor, with diligence and speed,
 'Unto election let's proceed.'

With him the Brethren all agree, 110
 And for the place they named three.
 But after due deliberatione
 Two unfit were for the station,
 Because they were for moderation ;
 (This is a most Malignant devill 115
 That to the Whiggs does mikle evill.)
 The third was only found of merite,
 Who double portion did inherite
 Of the last Moderator's spirit
 As to his zeall, but had no wit, 120
 As the old fox, to manage it :
 For, in a word, he was a squyre
 Composed all of earth and fire,
 Wher one did so with the other jarr,
 That they kept up a constant war, 125
 He was as stout as ever Mars,
 And scorned still to turn his —
 Except to Bishops, which he did
 For fear of bidding them God speed.
 These qualities were very good, 130
 Since nothing was designed but blood
 And war with Dragon and his brood.
 The Assemblie thus constitute,
 And form'd in a politique brute,
 Or body, (call it as you will, 135
 It's ay the very same thing still) ;
 And that it may the better fare
 With them, they fall again to pray'r ;
 Some old Malignants have observ'd,
 Whigs from this practice never swerv'd, 140

When they are bent on mischeife most,
 They still invok the Holy Ghost,
 And seldom miss to keep a fast,
 When curats they design a cast.
 Pray'r being done, the Moderator 145
 Rose up and spake like a Dietatore ;
 But first he haugh'd, and then he spitt,
 And fore-head rub'd to rouse his witt ;
 He humm'd, he belch'd, and round he stair'd,
 Sometymes he girn'd, and sometymes glair'd ; 150
 Then out he spew'd these following words,
 (As men in Iliack passion turds) :—
 ' Brethren of Scotland's kirk, the seum,
 ' Or cream, which is the same with some ;—
 ' And least ye think that I am scorning, 155
 ' The country people in a morning,
 ' When from the milk they take the fatt,
 ' They call it seum, or cream, or bratt ;
 ' But seum, according to the letter,
 ' Fitts the Assemblie meikle better ; 160
 ' Cream fitter is for sancie curats,
 ' And ther insulting Lords the prelats,
 ' Who will be called of men, Rabbi :
 ' Such titles are not worth a babie,
 ' Our partie ne'er car'd for a name, 165
 ' Let us be seum, and them be creame.
 ' Let us now seriouslie consider,
 ' For what end we are met together.
 ' Ist not to cleanse our Mother Kirk,
 ' From superstition's handy work 170

‘ Of Babel’s builders, whose inventions
 ‘ Hath bred amongst us sad dissensions ?
 ‘ For all men know, that are not mad,
 ‘ They to the testimonies add
 ‘ The Paternoster and the Creed, 175
 ‘ With other Babylonish weed,
 ‘ Which Bishops hither brought from Rome—
 “ Glor to the Father and the Son,”
 ‘ Which, yet, I think not so unfitting,
 ‘ Providing they would sing it sitting : 180
 ‘ Or I could eas’lie bear with those
 ‘ Who are content to sing’t in prose,
 ‘ (For I’m sure nather Paul nor Peter,
 ‘ Can quarrell ought here but the meeter);
 ‘ But that’s enough to prove the libell, 185
 ‘ Because it’s adding to the Bible,
 ‘ And I’m perswaded noe divine
 ‘ Does think that book was writ in rhyme.
 ‘ Now for the Creed : all men will grant
 ‘ It mentions not the Covenant 190
 ‘ In formall words, though on the matter,
 ‘ It’s ther what’ere Malignants clatter :
 ‘ Which for to prove is noe hard wark,
 ‘ For noe man can the Cath’lick kirk,
 ‘ Except the Presbyterian, call, 195
 ‘ Which is the mother of us all.
 ‘ I hope non hears me, that’s so dull
 ‘ To think that I Pope Pius bull
 ‘ Do justifie, which chang’d the nature
 ‘ O’ the Creed, and makes’t another creature ; 200

‘ For we doe add but one poor jott, ,
 ‘ Which by the Apostles was forgot, ,
 ‘ Which is of our own invention— ,
 ‘ But I am sure was their intention. ,
 ‘ In this sense we’re content to use it, , 205
 ‘ Tho’ other wayes they do abuse it, ,
 ‘ Besides, no gospell nor epistles
 ‘ Sayes it was made by the apostles :
 ‘ We find it not in text exprest,
 ‘ (Who think the contrar doe but guess’t). 210
 ‘ What may be said to Paternoster,
 ‘ I do refer to Thomas Foster,
 ‘ Who said it when he was a curat, ,
 ‘ But since that time pay’d dearlie for it, ,
 ‘ Of brinish tears he wept a river, , 215
 ‘ (Far better he had said it never); ,
 ‘ I’m confident the highest paine
 ‘ Will never make him say’t againe. ,
 ‘ For further clearing, if ye please,
 ‘ Let us consult the Laird of Braes, , 220
 ‘ Who is a man for this contest,
 ‘ Justly esteem’d amongst the best.’
 Up stood the Laird, and wray’d his face;
 As he had been to say a grace ;
 Quoth he, ‘ That matter I have ended , 225
 ‘ Soe weel, it never can be mended,
 ‘ As all may see into a tryce,
 ‘ Writ in a Leter to John Bryce,
 ‘ In answer to one that he sent me,
 ‘ But he far better had miskent me. , 230

‘ One day the poor deluded wretch
‘ To Culross came to hear me preatch,
‘ And was offended at the saying
‘ I had against that form of praying ;
‘ Though I did prove from holy writ, 235
‘ Th’ apostles never used it
‘ In the New Test’mēt ; tho’ this proof
‘ Be negative, it is a truth,
‘ And many weightie poynts it clears :
‘ Hence infants, not yet come to years 240
‘ Of Reason, are by us baptized,
‘ Though they were never catechiz’d.
‘ Malignants, from this argument,
‘ Will swear I wrong the Sacrament
‘ Of baptism, since ther’s noe records 245
‘ In sacred writ, this form of words
‘ Injoyn’d was, or us’d by th’ apostles,
‘ Either in Gospells or Epistles—
‘ That’s nothing—tho’ we do not find it,
‘ I’m very sure they all did mind it. 250
‘ My second argument is like this,
‘ And a compleat apodyxis
‘ Against this pray’r, for few a frame
‘ Are in, that’s fitt to say the same.
‘ What man can say, that for his part, 255
‘ He pardons all men from his heart ?
‘ And, on that score, of God ask pardon,
‘ Without which all’s not worth a farden ;
‘ No mortall wight soe little sense hes,
‘ As think we can forgive th’ offences, 260

‘Done by the curats and ther peers
 ‘To us, these nyne and twintie years.
 ‘The Bishops on the other side,
 ‘So full of malice and of pride,
 ‘That non of them, so long’s they live, 265
 ‘Will Presbyterians e’re forgive :
 ‘Soc neither we, nor that proud partie,
 ‘Can for that form be ever heartie.
 ‘The other reasons you’ll find better,
 ‘At your own leasure, in my Letter.” 270
 When he had made this noble speech,
 He just sat down upon his breech.
 Then up the Moderator rose,
 And with his finger wypt his nose,
 And cleans’d his finger on his sleeve, 275
 And hearty thanks to Braes did give.
 (Let non the moderator blame,
 And cry, Fy ! on the carle—for shame !
 This derogats not from his name ;
 For ther is noe express command 280
 ‘Gainst wying noses with the hand ;
 From hence we very clearlie see
 He us’d his christian libertie).
 When he had paus’d a while for breath,
 He did his trustie tongue unsheath, 285
 Which with great care he kept from rust—
 It was a blade that he could trust ;
 Quoth he ‘Ther is another trick,
 ‘For which the bishops should be kick’t,
 ‘Which is a practice very odd, 290
 ‘The reading of the word of God

‘Befor the minister came in,
 ‘Which, tho’ it be not down right sin,
 ‘Yet any man of meanest sense
 ‘May see the dang’rous consequence, 295
 ‘For there is nothing more confounding,
 ‘Then read the Word without expounding :
 ‘And non must touch its utmost borders,
 ‘Except he be in holy orders :
 ‘For I am able to make good, 300
 ‘That hence sprang Cameronian brood,
 ‘With t’ other spaun they call Sweet Singers ;
 ‘Both like to give us on the fingers.
 ‘These wretches have us sadly vext,
 ‘By meddling too much with the text : 305
 ‘Who never had the patience
 ‘To wait till we had giv’n the sense ;
 ‘Which had they done, they ne’re had wandred
 ‘From us ; for which we have been slandred.’
 Thus haveing said, they all applaud 310
 The speaker, and give him due laud.
 Up suddenly another started ;
 They, who sat nearest, swore he —— :
 But that’s noe cryme, for whigs agree,
 Where’re they are, f—ts should goe free, 315
 For against all men I’ll defend
 It’s rifling at the other end.
 ‘Brethren,’ said he, ‘ye spend much talk,
 ‘In proveing that it is a fault
 ‘To use the Lord’s Pray’r and the Creed, 320
 ‘And in the church the Word to read,

‘The least lay elder here does ken
 ‘That we do all these things condemn,
 ‘And that’s enough to honest men.
 ‘We’re mete here for another thing, 325
 ‘To witt, a Letter from the king
 ‘In favour of these curate rogues,
 ‘A company of greedy doggs
 ‘That cannot bark, yet when they’re priekt,
 ‘They curse and swear, and fling and kick, 330
 ‘And bite like serpents, or Old Nick.
 ‘They are soe bold, presumptuous sinners,
 ‘They’ll sell the gospell for ther dinners :
 ‘Who never durst in pray’rs or graces,
 ‘Reprove the people to ther faces, 335
 ‘Tho’ its well known we spared non,
 ‘From the vile dunghill to the thron.
 ‘Yea to partie’lars have recourse,
 ‘And ye shall know that some of ours,
 ‘Who were so little flatterours, 340
 ‘That in long graces after meat,
 ‘Did both the laird and lady check ;—
 ‘The laird, perchance, for speaking bauldie,
 ‘The lady for apparell gaudie,—
 ‘For it’s a shame to see ther hair, 345
 ‘With cockups touring in the air,
 ‘And skim’ring with top and top-gallon,
 ‘Just like the Bass, or like Tamtallon,
 ‘Yet non of them but has a leck,
 ‘If they were searched under deck ; 350
 ‘Which some aver was latelie said
 ‘By a goodman who preach’d and pray’d.

- ‘ Let non accuse this long degression,
 ‘ I stirred was by zealous passion.
 ‘ Soe on a sunday Semple’s wife 355
 ‘ Fell with her servant maid in strife,
 ‘ For putting on her head clean linning,
 ‘ Which, I believe, was her own spinning.—
 ‘ Though I digress the second time,
 ‘ It’s noe fault in a good divine, 360
 ‘ For we’re not tyed with the cords
 ‘ Of human methods, like these lords,
 ‘ The saucie bishops, and the curats,
 ‘ Who speak but from the teeth like parrats :
 ‘ That speech which comes not from the heart, 365
 ‘ We never yet thought worth a f—t.—
 ‘ But, to returne to my discourse,
 ‘ These villans waxed worse and worse ;
 ‘ Ther consciences were never loath
 ‘ To swallow down the blackest oath : 370
 ‘ Supremacie and Declaration,
 ‘ And Test, the curse of this poor nation,
 ‘ They took with this reservation,
 ‘ That if the government dispense
 ‘ With them it frees the conscience. 375
 ‘ To keep an oath in noe man’s power is,
 ‘ Except that he be *sui juris*.
 ‘ This is the doctrine they do preach
 ‘ In pulpit, and in private teach.
 ‘ All oaths and tyes they value not— 380
 ‘ What can secure them, but a rope !

‘ Therefor these rogues will never grant
‘ To take the League and Covenant,
‘ Because noe power can dispence
‘ With it, and free the conscience. 385
‘ For the same is the obligation,
‘ Upon the father and the son,
‘ And tho’ Malignants will not grant it
‘ That we’re all born covenantit,
‘ Our children’s children, and soe on, 390
‘ To every generatione,
‘ Till sun and moon shall noe more shyne,
‘ And that is to the end of time,
‘ This sacred band it doth us tye
‘ To deny the right of Prelacie, 395
‘ Which is more to reformation
‘ Of this and our nighbour nation,
‘ And even as far as we can win,
‘ If it were to the gates of Rome.
‘ But the last time we play’d such pranks, 400
‘ We gat the devill to our thanks,
‘ Our brethering did invade our land,
‘ And rule our Kirk with mighty hand ;
‘ For non are ignorant what a triek
‘ Was put vpon us by Old Nick, 405
‘ The Lord Protector, who abus’d us,
‘ And worse than very doges he us’d us ;
‘ He our Assemblies then did break,
‘ And threat’ned noe less to our neck,
‘ When he discharg’d, on highest pain, 410
‘ Without his leave, to meet again.

‘ Such is ther wayes, and for ther faith,
‘ They’ve gone astray from the right paith ;
‘ In principles of Arminians,
‘ Cassandrians and Socinians, 415
‘ They do maintaine a deal of things
‘ Too favourable for all kings :—
‘ That, vnder God, they are supream,
‘ That non may touch ther diadem,
‘ But all to ther commands must bow, 420
‘ And non dare say, what doest thou ?
‘ That fighting both and selfe defence
‘ Are equallic against conscience,
‘ When ever we make vse of either,
‘ Against our country’s lawful father. 425
‘ This they profess, though I dare swear,
‘ In this poynt they are not sincere,
‘ For I durst hazard ten to one,
‘ They have some reservation ;
‘ For they cry’d up the ab’slute power 430
‘ While it ther livings did secure,
‘ But when king James trod on ther toes,
‘ They turn’d from friends to be his foes.
‘ ‘Gainst his commands they kick’t and flung,
‘ Like madmen by Tarantull stung ; 435
‘ And for the cure could find noe physick,
‘ Till they heard play King William’s musick,
‘ Which did these firy serpents charm,
‘ That they the kirk might no more harm.
‘ And yet for all this kindness, they 440
‘ At last will also him betray,

' Which makes me think all, for my part,
 ' Are presbyterians at heart,
 ' And will make vse of selfe defence
 ' Against oppressing violence. 445
 ' Let noe Malignant here pretend,
 ' That we by self defence offend,
 ' For all men that have common sense,
 ' Know non defends without offence :
 ' And though they call us fools and blind, 450
 ' They cannot call us knaves. Our mind
 ' Is still the same, and ay shall be,
 ' As lang as there is land or sea.
 ' Our sentiments we ne're disguis'd,
 ' Though some said we were ill advis'd, 455
 ' T' accept King James's Toleration
 ' To set vp the abomination,
 ' And bring in idols to the nation,
 ' And not one word 'gainst pop'rie say,
 ' But heartily for him to pray. 460
 ' In all this we did not disguise,
 ' But only prudent were, and wise.
 ' (And prudent men may hold ther toung
 ' In evill times, or else sing dumb,
 ' As viols when they are not strung.) 465
 ' I know some Cameronian rogues
 ' Say, we for this deserve the joggs,
 ' Because we did homologate
 ' The absolute power o'er Kirk and State,
 ' But let them clatter what they please, 470
 ' There is a time to hold our peace ;

	‘ Which clear is from Ecclesiastes,	
	‘ And from my argument full fast is.	
	‘ Another fault Malignants had,	
	‘ Was that for Bishops they were mad,	475
	‘ Whose government ne’re in this nation	
	‘ Was found the people’s inclination.	
	‘ Yet southern winds hath blown the seed	
	‘ Of that foul plant, call’d Bishop’s weed,	
	‘ ’Mongst us of late, and gard’ners know,	480
	‘ Wher ere it falls, it well does grow,	
	‘ And the neighbouring ground o’erflow.	
	‘ We England thought to have reform’d,	
	‘ But now these hounds the chase have turn’d,	
	‘ And all our Kirk hath quite deform’d.	485
	‘ Some are soe bold, that with bare faces,	
	‘ They use set formes in pray’rs and graces,	
	‘ And <i>Amen</i> to the service say,	
	‘ In conventickles when they pray.	
	‘ How sad it is to see th’ oppinions	490
	‘ Sprung up of late in these dominions :	
	‘ That all may see I am noe cheat,	
	‘ A few of these I must repeat.	
Imprimis.	‘ That men hath in them a free will	
	‘ To doe good, and abstain from ill ;	495
	‘ Which they pretend from texts express	
	‘ To prove, tho’ it’s but a meer guess.	
Item.	‘ And which, in faith, is greater fault,	
	‘ That we are damn’d by our own fault.	
	‘ And so endeavour to explode	500
	‘ The absolute decrees of God,	

- ‘ On which is groundèd our Salvation,
 ‘ Electione and Reprobatione.
 Item. ‘ Lykwayes, they publickly maintein
 ‘ That privat sacraments are noe sin. 505
 ‘ So that in houses when they list,
 ‘ Both Baptism and the Eucharist
 ‘ They administer ; and, what is worse,
 ‘ They’le goe some myles on foot or horse
 ‘ To christen bairns, which is pop’rie, 510
 ‘ And downright superstitious fop’rie,
 ‘ Since to a child it’s noe great want
 ‘ To die without the sacrament ;
 ‘ For we ne’re judg’d it good to be
 ‘ *Necessitate medij* ; 515
 ‘ But only ’cause it was commanded,
 ‘ How ever Bishops vnderstand it.
 Item. ‘ Again they doe pervert the Scripture,
 ‘ For, without Sermon, or a Lecture,
 ‘ They christen ; though our Sav’our did teach, 520
 ‘ At the same time baptize and preach,
 ‘ What God has join’d, let non divide,
 ‘ Or put assunder what he’s ty’d.
 ‘ This is a great abomination,
 ‘ And down right spirituall furnication. 525
 Item. ‘ They hald that Sunday is a feast,
 ‘ Though all that day we scarce e’re taste
 ‘ A bite of meat till night, and then
 ‘ It’s no great fault our gutts to cram,
 ‘ For we, that all the day have past 530
 ‘ In sadnes, and kept as a fast,

- ‘ Except from drink, and *liquidum*
 ‘ *Nunquam solvit jejuniū,*
 ‘ May very weell, without offence,
 ‘ Or wounding of the conscience, 535
 ‘ At night repare this house of clay,
 ‘ And dung it on a holy day.—
 ‘ (Excuse the word, by demonstratione
 ‘ It’s clear that eating’s stercoratione).
 Item. ‘ And more, at which our bowells fryes, 540
 ‘ At Christmass they hold geese and pyes
 ‘ Are lawfull meat : Ounce ev’rie year,
 Item. ‘ The thirtie day of Januar
 ‘ They celebrat for a dead King,
 ‘ Which is a superstitious thing : 545
 ‘ Most of the day they spend in ryot,
 ‘ And yet, the fooles get nothing by it.
 ‘ And we, for all the Councell’s threats,
 ‘ On that day neather pray nor preach,
 ‘ (Except it be our ordinarie,) 550
 ‘ By which we doe the state carberrie ;
 ‘ Nor will wear mourning cloathis or cloks,
 ‘ Though they should put us in the stocks.
 ‘ For why should we lament the fall
 ‘ Of one who was Episcopall ? 555
 ‘ We’ll keep noe holy days on earth,
 ‘ But Sunday, and George Heriot’s birth,
 ‘ For reasons known vnto ourself—
 ‘ The Curats swear it is for pelf.
 Item. ‘ Now as for learning, they’r but blocks, 560
 ‘ And neither Calvin read, nor Knox,
 ‘ Nor any man that’s orthodox.

- ‘For doted Davie’s holy physick,
 ‘Which cures the spirituall phthysick,
 ‘They call but muntibanks’ receipts 565
 ‘Which ’mongst phisitions are but cheats.
 Item. ‘They pryze noe more than children’s whistles
 ‘All Mr. Rutherford’s Epistles,
 ‘Which they are pleas’d to call Romances,
 ‘Enthusiastick, brainsick fancies, 570
 ‘And swear that he stole many of these
 ‘From a she saint that’s call’d Therese.
 Item. ‘They laugh at drinking pynts of ale ;
 ‘Fersieing of the horses taile,
 ‘And other places which they wreast, 575
 ‘Because they want spirituall taste.
 ‘Yea, the cheife honour of our nation,
 ‘James Durhame on the Revelation,
 ‘They value not, but in his stead
 ‘Doe read the Dreams of Joseph Meed. 580
 ‘Though he believed it is clear
 ‘That Sants shall reign a thousand year.
 Item. ‘And for all that we doe or say,
 ‘They’le ne’re read Mr. Andrew Gray ;
 ‘But say his mystery opened up 585
 ‘Should ne’re be open’d but lye shut.
 Item. ‘A great deale of ther time they pass
 ‘In studeing heathen languages,
 ‘As Greek and Latine, and such stuff,
 ‘To ministers not worth a snuff. 590
 Item. ‘The highest that ther sermons flie
 ‘Is but a dry moralitie :

- ‘Nathing of faith in them is found,
 ‘Except to tell us that the ground
 ‘On which we should our actions bottom, 600
 ‘And without which they are but rotten,
 ‘And few of them can understand,
 ‘How it’s one instrument or hand.
 Item. ‘And, which is contrarie to sence,
 ‘They hold sincere obedience 605
 ‘To Gospell precepts does us save,
 ‘Which non will say, but fool or knave :
 ‘So at the bottome they are papists,
 ‘Socinians and wicked atheists.
 ‘If all these things ye join in one, 610
 ‘Who can think on communion
 ‘With such erronious, sland’rous fellows,
 ‘Who ev’ry one deserves the gallows.
 ‘Let us ne’er on that matter think
 ‘This flee will make our oyntment stink. 615
 ‘I know there are some here content
 ‘To take them in if they repent.
 ‘What e’er repentence they pretend,
 ‘Ther lives and manners they’le ne’re mend.
 ‘And being fore’d against ther will, 620
 ‘They’le hold ther first oppinion still.”
 Which haveing said, he took his seat,
 And pray’d the rest ther minds to speak.
 Then up ther rose a skabbie fellow,
 His beard besmear’d with grease and tallow, 625
 And here and ther a yellow spat,
 Which from a good sack caudle drapt.

He yawn'd, and then he turn'd his rear
 Unto the King's Commissioner.
 This is the posture they chose still 630
 To show he's there against ther will.
 He under's arm then threw his cloak,
 His mouth he open'd, and then spok;
 For it's an everlasting truth,
 No man e're spake with a close mouth.— 635
 'Brethren, quoth he, I scarcee can add
 'To what the Moderator said;
 'I, free of malice, wrath, and spyte,
 'Will to this treasure add my myte.
 'What hes been said all men must grant, 640
 'That ever tooke the Covenant,
 'And all these who did never take it,
 'If they say other wayes, they break it;
 'For each part of that solemn oath
 'Doth equally obledge them both: 645
 'Which any man at large may see
 'In the book call'd *Jus populi*.
 'I think no man of a sound brain
 'Pretends to make one of these twain,
 'Episcopalls and Presbytrie, 650
 'No more than join the earth and sky,
 'Or make the Pope of Rome consent
 'To swear the League and Covenant;
 'Or Presbyterians to believe
 'They under monarchie can thrive: 655
 'For a true Presbyterian king
 'Upon the earth was never seen.

- ‘ We thought King Willie had been such,
 ‘ In which we were deceived much.
 ‘ Or make a Papist think that Christ 660
 ‘ Is not produced by the Preist,
 ‘ When he does give the Eucharist ;
 ‘ When in imbroyd’red vest of satine,
 ‘ He mumbles o’re four words of Latine ;
 ‘ Or make the Church of England grant, 665
 ‘ That Presbyterian government
 ‘ Was e’re our Saviour’s intention,
 ‘ But only Calvin’s own invention ;
 ‘ Or Englishmen be of opinion,
 ‘ That French at sea shall have dominion,— 670
 ‘ That ther kikshoes, and siclyk baggage,
 ‘ Is better meat than beef and cabbage,—
 ‘ That ane of thers will not beat ten
 ‘ Of any other country men,—
 ‘ That it’s not safer by fist and words 675
 ‘ To end the strife, than by sharp swords ;
 ‘ Or make a Cameronian pray
 ‘ For any king not of his way.
 ‘ When all these things fullfill’d I see,
 ‘ Then with the Bishops we’ll agree. 680
 ‘ I say, no union is at all
 ‘ Betwixt the Dragon and Michael,
 ‘ And nothing can affection breed
 ‘ Betwixt the serpent and woman’s sced.
 ‘ To reconcile these contradictions 685
 ‘ Is idle fancies, and wild fictions,

‘ And properlie nonentities,
 ‘ And metaphisick quiddities,
 ‘ Which have thier being ’yond the pole
 ‘ Where pure negatione does rule. 690
 ‘ I know some atheists do aver,
 ‘ That churchmen are like vinegar
 ‘ And oyle, that ne’re will joyn in one
 ‘ Till soundly beat, and then ’tis done.
 ‘ But they’re mistaken, tho’ our brains 695
 ‘ They should beat out, they’l lose thier pains.
 ‘ Let all beware to play such pranks
 ‘ It’s dang’rous mid’ling with the Saints.

Allow me, Muse, to change my versö
 Till I one story do rehearse, 700
 Which well deserves another rhyme,
 Ple serve thee more another time.

There was a silent member, whose sweet frame
 Dispos’d to peace ; his breast no fire flame
 Had ever seorchit. He alwayes was for love : 705
 His soull was fill’d with meekness of the dove.
 ‘ Brethren,’ said he, ‘ you all know by the Word,
 ‘ When great Elijah was to meet the Lord,
 ‘ First came a thunder, then a mighty wind,
 ‘ And nixt a fire ; but God he did not find 710
 ‘ In these : at last, a still voice he did hear,
 ‘ And there the great Jehovah did appear !
 ‘ Hence we may learn that when the God of Love
 ‘ Comes down to visit mortalls from above,

‘ It’s with the meek and lowly soull he dwells, 715
‘ Where noe proud waves of stormie passions swells.
‘ He stayes these winds ; his presence still does keep
‘ Ane everlasting calm upon the deep.
‘ How comlie is’t, and pleasant for to see
‘ Brethren together dwell in unitie. 720
‘ It’s like the sacred oile that down did flow
‘ From Aaron’s beard, and to his garments goe.
‘ Our master said, before that he was gon
‘ To take possession of his heavenly thron,
‘ I do you to this precept recommend, 725
‘ That ye love one another to the end.
‘ The divine Paull, who did the Gentiles bring
‘ To swear alleadgence to our heavenly king,
‘ And made the Cross triumph above the Crown,
‘ And all the heathen idolls tumbled down, 730
‘ Of all his sermons, this was the intent,
‘ This virtue he extoll’d where’ere he went.
‘ How often in his writings doe we find,
‘ That he exhorts us all to have one mind,
‘ And not to harbour malace or despite, 735
‘ And, like mad dogs, thus one another bite ;
‘ That we should rather have a tender care,
‘ And strive each one his brother to forbear.
‘ For the divine Apostle well did know
‘ That ther’s noe perfection here below. 740
‘ Let us desire to see that blessed day
‘ When lambs and lyons shall together play ;
‘ Then peace shall reign, and non shall cause discord
‘ In all the holy mountain of the Lord ;

‘And surely nothing more becomes the station 745
 ‘Of churchmen, then an holy Moderation.’

 Whilst he this modest speech was makeing,
 Some were girning, some were gaping;
 Some gnash'd their teeth, and some did darte
 Ther firie looks out through his heart; 750
 And all did take him for a maddman,
 That had broke louss, and come from Bedlam.
 And up they rais'd a shout and hallow,
 And cry'd ‘Away with this madd fellow.
 ‘He's for that devill Moderation, 755
 ‘The blackest one in all this nation,
 ‘(Lord, lead us not into tentation):
 ‘He is a screech owle, bird of night,
 ‘Who loves the darkness, hates the light:
 ‘He is a papist in disguise, 760
 ‘Designes to make a sacrifice
 ‘Of this Assemblie to the Pope,
 ‘And is on Doctor Oats his plot.
 ‘If we but yield in this one jott,
 ‘Our government's not worth a groat.’ 765
 ‘Midst this confusion, with loud voice,
 One cry'd ‘Let's pray to drown the noise;’
 Which was well thought on, for in pray'r
 They ay cry soe loud they rent the air,
 Soe that ther voice does far outstrip 770
 The basse of organ or bagpipe.
 This done, then said a hardie fellow—
 ‘I do adjourn you till to morrow.’

When the nixt morn began to peep,
 And sun from's wat'ry bed did creep, 775
 Together came againe the sheep ;
 (For non but dull Malignant sots,
 Did ever say that they were goats.)
 Then Phœbus mounted on his carr,
 Did laugh to see the holy war, 780
 But durst not very much appear,
 Lest they his face with dirt besmear,
 And spoill the season of the year,
 For he alone of all the Gods
 Is constantly with them at odds, 785
 Because ther musick and ther verse,
 Does roughlie grate his asses ears ;
 Which non but they did ev'r think weel,
 Except King Saull's phanatick deill,
 Who had this mark, all men must grant, 790
 Of a true Presbyterian sant :
 For harmonie does spoill devotione,
 As poyson does a physick potion.
 They hate that each should hold apart,
 For concord stealls away the heart, 795
 As once said a phanatick sant,
 Whose name was Mr. Andrew Cant ;
 Though David brought it to the temple,
 It was condemn'd by John Semple,
 Who was a Presbyterian keen, 800
 His head was like a turkie-bean,
 Which had a great deall of wit about it,
 Little within, but much without it.

Ther harmonie is all divine,
 Which keepeth neither tyme nor time, 805
 And all the measure they do beat,
 Is with a hum, a cough, a spitt.

Now, one would think sweet sleep and ease
 Had near dispos'd ther minds to peace ;
 But they're mistaken : Tho' repose 810
 Does wise men's brains and minds compose,
 Yet mad men after it are worse,
 It only does recruit ther force.
 The thing is clear.—The last daye's scene
 Was represented o're againe. 815
 For scarce the pray'r was weell ended
 When a fire spark from's breech up bended :
 Quoth he, ' Wher is that beast of pray,
 ' That roared here the other day ?
 ' That wolfe dress'd up in a sheep's skin, 820
 ' That antichrist, that man of sin,
 ' That's fair without, but foull within.
 ' He's for the church of Laodicess,
 ' And soe not for the Laird of Braes.
 ' Let us e'en put it to a vote, 825
 ' If he be Antichrist, or not ?
 ' If he be not the very man,
 ' I'm sure he smelleth of the pan :
 ' As one said of a certain clerk,
 ' That to the offering gave a mark. 830
 ' For by the temper of his spirit,
 ' I doe suspect he is for merit.

He more extolleth charitie
 Then any of the Graces three.
 This goodman, knowing ther intent, 835
 Did warrily himselfe absent :
 He thought noe christian divine
 Was bound to throw a pearle to swine,
 Least they it trample vnder foot,
 And tear the thrower to the boot. 840
 Yet he had left behind a brother
 Of the same mind who was another,
 Who, slowlie riseing from his seat,
 Thus gentle vnto them did speak.

Allow me, Muse, the second time 845
 To change this rugged sort of rhyme.

‘Brethren,’ said he, ‘if we ourselves would prove
 ‘True disciples of the great God above,
 ‘Joyn wisdom to the meeknes of the dove;
 ‘That wisdom from above, that divine light, 850
 ‘Dispells the gloomy clouds of sable night.
 ‘And it’s bright splendour darknes drives away,
 ‘And gives the world an everlasting day.
 ‘And where this sacred fire does e’re prevaill,
 ‘It makes no flame but of a holy zeall, 855
 ‘And tender love, which frozen breasts doth thaw,
 ‘That will which is fullfilling of the law.
 ‘This is the badge which we are bound to wear,
 ‘If we our Saviour’s true disciples are.

' Let's imitat our father all divine, 860
 ' Who makes his sun on good and bad to shine,
 ' And kindly shows of gentle raine to fall
 ' Vpon the innocent and criminall.
 ' With open arms our brethren lets embrace,
 ' Let's banish war, and follow after peace, 865
 ' And with pure hearts and minds united be,
 ' In ther essentialls wher we all agree.
 ' Another vnion is but sought in vain,
 ' In all we'll ne'er agree while we are men,
 ' For sad experience daylie lets us see 870
 ' That saints in all things never did agree.'

While he thus spake with gentle voice,
 There was a murmur and a noise
 In the Assemblie, with a ton
 Low and confus'd, like bumming dron ; 875
 Or, to come nearer to the matter,
 Just like the noyse of running water,
 When it descends from mountain tops,
 And falls among the rugged rocks,—
 ' With this mad fellow, fy, away!' 880
 Some cry'd, ' What would this babbler say ?
 ' He alsoe is for Mass and Mattins.'
 Saint Paull was just soe serv'd at Athens,
 When he did preach vpon Mars hill,
 He would not bow to stubborn will 885
 Of his hearers ; and for his paines
 They had almost beat out his braines,

And was call'd idiot and fool,
By those of Epicurus schooll.
At last vprose a noble lord, 890
Whose mighty deeds are on record,
Whom Presbyterians justly call
Ther Hector, or ther Hanniball ;
And all men in ther wits will grant,
He's Hector of the Covenant. 895
A blockhead, and a mighty droll,
Whom, in broad Scots, we call a foole.
Non fitter was for the great work,
To plant and purge our ancient kirk ;
Pluck up by root the bishop's weed, 900
The curatts, and sow a new seed.
He planting vnderstood soe well,
That cabbage stocks he made to swell,
And grow with such prodigious force,
That a battallion of horse 905
They shelter might from raine and snow,
Whatever way the wind did blow.
For the good cause he was soe zealous,
He hated taverns and the ale house,
And coffie houses to the boot ; 910
Which liquor is not worth a root,
For it's destructive to the nation,
Ane enemy to copulation.
No liquor he thinks worth a plack,
Except weell mull'd canary sack ; 915
Which is the liquor of the partie,
When they designe e'er to be heartie.

It serves them both for meat and drink,
 And makes them both f—t loud and stink ;
 For all the tribe count it a murder, 920
 A harmles f—t to crush and smurther,
 But think they're bound to give't fair play,
 Be it on week or holy day.
 His head was like an empty cup,
 It wanted braines to fill it up, 925
 In shape just like a filbert nut ;
 But was of a much larger size,
 Tho' it was big he was not wise.
 'Brethren,' said he, 'tho' I prefer
 'The oppinion of a presbyter, 930
 'To any layman's, for ther mission,
 'Which quakers do despise and pish on,
 'And call them mercenary things,
 'To preach for punk, and pray for kings,
 'It makes them other kind of men, 935.
 'As all that's learn'd do right well ken,
 'For they alone can justly bost
 'They are knights of the Holy Ghost.
 'We are but squires, and get no honour,
 'But fighting bravely under banner ; 940
 'Yet squires of old advice did give,
 'When from ther masters they had leave ;
 'So famous Quixot of Lamancha,
 'Sometimes ask'd advice of Pancha,
 'Which often prov'd a great deall better 945
 'Than his master's in the matter.

‘ But ere this matter I let pass,
‘ I must remind you of the ass,
‘ On which the prophet Balaam rod,
‘ As good a beast as ever trod 950
‘ On iron, tho’ she was ne’re shod ;
‘ Which I could prove, if I had time,
‘ ’Gainst any ’piscopall divine.
‘ By words she did her silence break,
‘ And madnes of the prophet check, 955
‘ And, in his face, did take the leave
‘ To tell him that he was a knave.
‘ Noe greater honour I desyre,
‘ Then to be either ass or squire,
‘ Yea, I’m content to be them both, 960
‘ Provideing it be for the truth,
‘ And that I in my generation
‘ May carry on the reformation
‘ In this, and in our nighbour nation.
‘ And, therfor, I do beg the leave 965
‘ To call him, that spoke last, a knave.
‘ Altho’ in some sence he may pass
‘ For prophet, and I for his ass,
‘ I value not his holy orders,
‘ When once he goes beyond the borders : 970
‘ The greatest minister of all
‘ May both mistake, and get a fall.
‘ All that at present hear me, know
‘ I understand to plant and sow,
‘ And as well to pluck up and prune, 975
‘ As any in country or in toune,

‘ Now I’ll prove by similitud,
 ‘ The brother’s reasons are not good,
 ‘ Which any man may clearly see,
 ‘ Who kirk compares unto a tree : 980
 ‘ For, as in trees, tho’ fresh and fair,
 ‘ And cultivate by greatest care,
 ‘ Some rotten twigs are here and there,
 ‘ That must be lopt off, and no cure
 ‘ Except this can the tree secure. 985
 ‘ So all true presbyterian whigs
 ‘ Know that the curats are these twigs,
 ‘ Whose putrefaction is grown such,
 ‘ They must be cut to save the church.
 ‘ I learn’d at school, when I was young, 990
 ‘ *A privatione ad habitum*,
 ‘ There’s noe regress ; soe all may see,
 ‘ This is the way to save the tree,
 ‘ And hinder it for to corrupt,
 ‘ And they will need no more to cut. 995
 ‘ The same thing every body sees
 ‘ In pears and apples, prunes and cheese,
 ‘ Which sometimes doe contract corruption
 ‘ That nothing e’re can cure but section.’

This said, he sat down on his bum, 1000
 Which made a noise like to a drum.
 Nixt started up a hasty squire,
 His countenance was full of ire,
 His eyes did dart out flames of fire.
 One of the fiercest of them all, 1005
 Whose stubborn knee ne’re bow’d to Baal,

Except when int'rest did him force,
For which he's ne'er a whit the worse ;
To catch a fall is noe great shame,
But he that lyeth still's to blame. 1010
He was a squire to a wise knight,
Who, in dark persecution's night,
In publick ne're did preach or pray,
Either on week or holy day.
Thus, by wise silence, he did 'scape, 1015
And sav'd his carcas and estate,
And by that wile did miss the rape,
By help of one who is, in conscience,
A whig, and penn'd the Remonstrance.
His name I'll tell another tyme, 1020
When I get greater store of rhyme,
Which for his name is very scarce,
Because it lyes so near his a—
But to return now to the squire,
Whose countenance was full of fire. 1025
He had a face was always red,
Both when he rose and went to bed ;
Which rednes came from firie zeall,
And not from brandie, sack, or ale :
Whence all may learn that by the face, 1030
Non can perceive a man of grace.
Of trade he was a musqueteer,
That kneel'd and fired in the rear.
His father Miller was of Keir,
Deseended of M'Gregor's clan, 1035
But reason had to change his name.

He has a son shap'd like a mumper ;
 His wife, of brandie, likes a bumper,
 And is a very fouslome creature,
 Of barb'rous name, and barb'rous nature. 1040
 Quoth he, ' My Lord hath clearly shown,
 ' That curat weeds must be cut down,
 ' For Bishops are already sent
 ' A packing by the Parliament,
 ' As roten twigs. Now, I will show, 1045
 ' For church's good, it must be soe,
 ' By best similitud of all,
 ' Ta'ne from the body naturall ;
 ' For I can prove there is noe plaister
 ' Can cure a member of it's fester 1050
 ' And gangren ; nought will doe the turne,
 ' Except we eithier cut or burne.
 ' Which does ane argument afford,
 ' That ther's noe way but fire and sword,
 ' To save the church of this poor nation, 1055
 ' And purge out all abomination.
 ' If we of them but leave a stump,
 ' 'Twill quickly leven all the lump.
 ' Soe, as in the land of Canaan,
 ' It was a fault to leave a man, 1060
 ' They should have cut off great and small,
 ' The males that piss't against the wall.
 ' When this is done, then we are sure,
 ' Our government will be secure.
 ' Most of the females of our partie 1065
 ' Are very forward and right heartie.

‘ The curats sweare they’re on our side,
‘ Either from vanitie or pride,
‘ Or make attonment for some sin
‘ They formerlie had fallen in, 1070
‘ Because, forsooth, a pious lady,
‘ Who once did represent her dadie,
‘ Was forward for to take the Test,
‘ Tho’ to it she was never prest ;
‘ As forward was to make repentance, 1075
‘ And was absolv’d without a sentence ;
‘ Therefor, in poynt of conscience,
‘ We her receiv’d without offence.
‘ For latelie she did kyth her zeall
‘ Against a sister that did fail, 1080
‘ Or fall with one who was ally’d
‘ Unto the Bishop, by his bryde :
‘ Which zeall against her she did vent
‘ At Preston-pans, at sacrament ;
‘ And caused her by force be put 1085
‘ From holy table as a slutt.
‘ She likewise had a zealous car’age,
‘ In a late bussines of mar’age,
‘ When she a person did neglect,
‘ Who had both riches and respect, 1090
‘ And chose one whose ’state was meaner,
‘ Because his conscience was cleaner,
‘ And for the good cause ay was ready
‘ To fight, as he proved on a lady ;
‘ The greatest Torie in the nation, 1095
‘ Whose brother in the Convocation,

‘ ‘Gainst Abdication did protest,
 ‘ Because, forsooth, he took the Test.
 ‘ So’s Majestie I do advise,
 ‘ To let’s alone, if he be wise, 1100
 ‘ And not to meddle with the sants,
 ‘ Lest from our head we shak the branks.
 ‘ If he provoke us, we are ready
 ‘ To serve him as we did his dadie.
 ‘ I hope now suddenly to see 1105
 ‘ Fulfill’d ane ancient prophecie,
 ‘ I from my great-grand-mother had—
 ‘ She had it from her great-grand-dad.
 —“ After a dreadfull storm of snow,
 “ Then Zeyphyrus shall briskly blow 1110
 “ From quarter opposite to east,
 “ Then tumble shall the Roman beast.
 “ Saint George shall with the Dragon fall,
 “ And with them all the priests of Baal.
 “ When northern Boar shall raise his bristles, 1115
 “ The Roses shall yield to the Thistles,
 “ And organ pipes be turn’d to whistles,
 “ And black gowns turn’d to short cloaks,
 “ And surplices to ladies’ smoks ;
 “ And cathedrals be turn’d to stables, 1120
 “ And alters to communion tables ;
 “ And both the crossier, and the crown,
 “ By the same blast be blown down.
 “ Then let a friend goe with a foe,
 “ For the kind fates will have it soe.”— 1125

‘ My wife hes skill of prophecies,
 ‘ Therefore, with her I did advise,
 ‘ She said to me it’s clearly meant,
 ‘ That Presbyterian government
 ‘ O’re all this Island shall prevaill, 1130
 ‘ Advanced by a western zeall,
 ‘ And throw Episcopacie down,
 ‘ And cow the church of England’s crown.
 ‘ She would not touch the other thing
 ‘ That apertaineth to the king.’ 1135

Nixt spake a fellow, who look’d odd,
 With monkie face, and yellow bob,
 He turn’d his a— vnto the thron,
 His name was Mr. Solomon.
 Quoth he, ‘ While we are on this theme, 1140
 ‘ I do beg leave to tell my dream :
 ‘ One night when I lay fast asleep,
 ‘ Before the day began to peep,
 ‘ Before that Sol had rais’d his head
 ‘ Vp from the fair Aurora’s bed, 1145
 ‘ E’re that bright star which all things sees ;
 ‘ Had cast it’s eyes on Cherrytrees,
 ‘ While I lay sweetlie by the side
 ‘ Of her who after was my bride,—
 ‘ I dream’d I saw a virgine fair, 1150
 ‘ That with Diana might compare,
 ‘ Or goodlie Venus in her prime,
 ‘ Her countenance was all divine ;

‘ Which made my very teeth to water,
 ‘ For earnest longing to be at her. 1155
 ‘ But when I viewed ev’ry feature,
 ‘ I said, this is noe earthly creature.
 ‘ I nearer drew that I might know,
 ‘ If she a woman was, or noe ;
 ‘ For without touching we but guess 1160
 ‘ Whither a thing be fish or flesh.
 ‘ Whill I thus thought her to accost,
 ‘ She vanish’d like a fairie ghost.
 ‘ I bless’d myselfe, when, for this fair,
 ‘ I grasped nothing but the aire. 1165
 ‘ By Juno such a trick was done
 ‘ Unto unhappie Ixion.
 ‘ Whill I was standing all agast,
 ‘ And meditating what had past,
 ‘ Then suddenly behind my back 1170
 ‘ A hollow voice thus to me spak.—
 “ That woman whom you did admire,
 “ And whom to know you did desire,
 “ Is not a virgine of repute,
 “ But ane infamous prostitute, 1175
 “ With whom the bishops of this nation
 “ Have long committed fornication :
 “ And, to be plain, I’le tell you that
 “ As fair’s she looks, she hes a clap,
 “ And is that whore of Babell’s brat— 1180
 “ The church of England ;—whose outside
 “ Looks like a spotless virgin bride,

“ But is all rottenness within,
 “ A strumpet of the man of sin.
 “ That she did quickly disappear, 1185
 “ When ever ye approached her,
 “ Does show that Scottish Presbytrie,
 “ Shall make the church of England flee,
 “ And vanish like the birds of night,
 “ Or spectres when they see the light : 1190
 “ The wark already is begun,
 “ And ye shall live to see it done.”
 ‘ After the voice thus to me spake,
 ‘ I turn’d myselfe, and did awake.—
 ‘ Brethren, I know you are too wise, 1195
 ‘ To think all dreames and prophecies
 ‘ Are to be slighted ; for of old
 ‘ Great things by dreames have been foretold.’

All him aplaud, and gather hence,
 That they should stand to thier defence, 1200
 And fight against the whore of Babell,
 For on ther syde wes Western rabell,
 And dreames, and ancient prophecies,
 And ladies whom non dare despise
 Either for beautie, or for parts, 1205
 Or feelling, melting, tender hearts.
 Some of whom have a deall of witt,
 And others some have ne’er a bit
 Of sense, but only hot spurr’d zeall,
 That fires them vp from top to taill. 1210

When by these clatters and nonsense,
 They tired out the patience
 Of the Commissioner his grace,
 For they were not dispos'd to peace ;
 Said he, ' Ye are a troupe of madmen, 1215
 ' Far fitter to be sent to bedlam,
 ' Then for to carie on the work
 ' Of Reformation in the kirk ;
 ' Which was his Majestie's intention,
 ' When he indited this convention. 1220
 ' Ane companie of hair brain'd fools,
 ' Who, just like children in the schools,
 ' Keep up a constant gible-gable—
 ' Ye are not gentle men, but rable.
 ' And these are all the fruits we see 1225
 ' Of a Presbyterian paritie ;
 ' To make confusion and a noyse
 ' And each to drown another's voice,
 ' All speak at once what they would say,—
 ' Where all command non can obey. 1230
 ' Ye are a stubborn generation,
 ' Who never yet had the discretion
 ' To gratifie in any thing
 ' Your worthy sovereign the King.
 ' Noe King can ever you content, 1235
 ' Except he take the Covenant.
 ' But since the busines ye neglect,
 ' For which ye were together met,
 ' Which was, to take your Brethren in
 ' Who were not scandalous or supine, 1240

‘ Not to tell stories, one by one,
 ‘ Of Robin Hood and Little John,
 ‘ And tell your idle dreames and visions,
 ‘ To keep up those sad divisions,
 ‘ That hes this church in pieces rent, 1245
 ‘ About a point of government
 ‘ Ne’er like to make a settlement,—
 ‘ His majestie heth me commanded,
 ‘ That forthwith ye be all disbanded ;
 ‘ And in his name I here disband you :— 1250
 ‘ Goe pack you hence, I doe command you ;
 ‘ And doe forbid, on highest paine,
 ‘ Without his leave, to meet againe.’

This sentence, like a clap of thunder,
 Confounded them, and made all wonder. 1255
 They, for a while, deep silence keep,
 And stair’d about like frighten’d sheep.
 So mighty Jove with thunder thumps
 Did smite those gyants on the rumps,
 And turn’d ther taills vnto ther rigging, 1260
 When they attackt his heavenly bigging,
 And made them from ther hearts repent,
 For meddling with his government.
 When the confusion was near o’re,
 They, Bashan like, began to roar, 1265
 Against this sentence of the King,
 As a most execrable thing.
 Then out the Moderator spoke,
 And gave his sentence like a Pope ;

(For Popes and they are of one mettle, 1270
 And both alike infallible).—
 Said he, ‘In all humilitie,
 ‘We’le with his Majestie comply
 ‘In any thing that we think fitt ;
 ‘Beyond that we’le not stir a bit, 1275
 ‘Nor soe much as advance one step,
 ‘Nor for him either wynd, or hap,
 ‘Or gallop, amble, pace, or trot,
 ‘Or change our measures in one jot.
 ‘King Willie needs not soe much vaunt, 1280
 ‘He never took the Covenant ;
 ‘Which is the only true foundation
 ‘That Kings doe stand on in this nation,
 ‘As *Hynd let loose*, and *People’s Right*,
 ‘Doe show to men as clear as light, 1285
 ‘Our right is founded on the Word,
 ‘And we’le mantaine it by the sword.
 ‘These two and thirtie years twise told,
 ‘We have our enemies control’d.
 ‘Besyde we have power intrinsick, 1290
 ‘Deny’d by non but who are brain sick,
 ‘To meet in our Assemblies,
 ‘And rise againe, just as we please.
 ‘We have made acts, with one consent,
 ‘Repealing acts of Parliament. 1295
 ‘Our power is like to that of raine,
 ‘To freeze, and then dissolve againe ;
 ‘Which some, the argument to shun,
 ‘Have attributed to the sun,

‘ The only power of making thaw, 1300
 ‘ Ther reasons are not worth a straw,
 ‘ For we have seen a thaw begun
 ‘ Long after setting of the sun,
 ‘ And all naturalists doe know
 ‘ That only is a kindlie thaw. 1305
 ‘ So all the pow’r the sun does give,
 ‘ Is that which we call cum’lative,
 ‘ And is that very kind of thing,
 ‘ Which we have from an earthly king.
 ‘ So I, by this inherent right, 1310
 ‘ A new Assemblie do indite
 ‘ To meet in August nyntie three,
 ‘ To which, I hope, you all agree.’

Then with loud shouts they rent the air,
 And all cry’d out, ‘ Adhere ! adhere ! 1315
 ‘ We will stand to it, ther’s noe fear ;
 ‘ This threat’ning is not worth a snuff,
 ‘ It’s of a haggise the first puff,
 ‘ Which noe stout hearted man alarms,
 ‘ But only frightens fools and bairns. 1320
 ‘ Let us but hold the tackling fast,
 ‘ Till Bor’as hes put out his blast,
 ‘ There is noe fear of the main mast :
 ‘ We are imbarqued in a bottom,
 ‘ As good as ever saills was put on, 1325
 ‘ That neither anchor wants, nor cords ;
 ‘ Our officers are Lairds and Lords,

‘ Our mariners the zeallous rable,
 ‘ The Covenant our cheiffest cable,
 ‘ Which ne’re will faile to hold us fast 1330
 ‘ Against the most tempestuous blast.’
 Another cry’d, till he was hoarse ;
 ‘ No wise man will despise our force,
 ‘ For we want neither foot nor horse ;
 ‘ But when the war grows verie hot, 1335
 ‘ We alwayes tak us to our foot.
 ‘ Lets imitate our brave forbears,
 ‘ Who turn’d ther matocks into spears,
 ‘ And made good broad swords of plow-shears,
 ‘ When we cannot work by the Word, 1340
 ‘ We must mak use of carnall sword.
 ‘ Let noe man at this doctrine scare,
 ‘ The surest way to peace is war ;
 ‘ For that peace never long does stand,
 ‘ That is not made with sword in hand. 1345
 ‘ Since miracles noe more appear,
 ‘ We must make use of sword and spear,
 ‘ Which are the ordinarie means,
 ‘ As everie Covenanter kens,
 ‘ To carie on the reformation, 1350
 ‘ And purge out the abomination.
 Such hubbub yet was never seen,
 But in the dayes of *Rulian Green* ;
 Or at a comedy in the pit,
 Where whores and rogues together sit ; 1355
 Or at a carnivall in Venice,
 Or when one reckons wrong at Tenaice,

Or at a drunken Highland quarrell,
Where gillieweetfits toom a barrell
Of usquebail, and fall to words, 1360
And pay the reck'ning with ther swords.
But, in one word, to sum up all,
It was just like a Bachanall,
Where men doe roar, and dance and sing,
And jump, and leap, and kick and fling, 1365
And are drest up in various shapes,
Like wolves and bears, and cats and apes.
Then the Commissioner his grace,
Rose up, and would have left his place,
He was with them soe much offended, 1370
Tho' for his heart he could not mend it,
At last they forced him to stay,
And hear the Moderator pray ;
Then sang a psalm that all might see
How they like brethren did agree, 1375
'Twas the hundred and thertie three.

Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as Brethren be
In unitie to dwell.

FINIS.



VARIOUS READINGS.

- P. 5. l. 11 When expectation swallowed big. A.
 l. 13 When each his party did advance,
 And told, &c. A.
- P. 6. l. 30 Quoth he this vares amongst divines. A.
 ib. Shame fall them wins so fall them tines. K.
 l. 36 By the allowance of God's anynted. K.
 l. 44 Being assured that they should part. A.
- P. 7. l. 46 To his renowned assembly came. A.
 l. 51 All intertain'd with lords and lairds, K.
 l. 66 At every word flew out a trope. A.
 l. 74 He hum'd a little and then pray'd. K.
 l. 78 At prayers in a decent form. A.
- P. 8. l. 82 With elbow lean'd on others bum. K.
 l. 83 Noe painter could all the grimaces
 Draw, &c. K.
 l. 85 Some gaip'd, &c. K.
 l. 87 Some wink'd, some others I did spy. K.
 l. 98 And streach'd his head, &c. A.
 l. 106 And therfor he made me this dispute. A.
- P. 9. l. 116 That to the whigs does always evill. K.
 l. 117 The third was alwayes found of merite. A.
 l. 123 Composed of the earth, &c. A.
 l. 124 Wher they did see with others jarr. K.

- P. 10. l. 141 When they intend a mischief most. A.
 l. 142 They still invok the holy ghost. *Not in* κ.
 l. 147 But first he hum'd, &c. A.
 l. 148 He hummed and shook his head and stair'd, A.
 l. 149 Sometimes groaned, &c. A.
 l. 153 Brethren of Scotland's kirk, the seum,
 Of [or] cream, which is the same with some;—
 And least ye think that I am scorning,
 The country people in a morning,
 When from the milk they take the fatt
 They call it seum, or cream, or bratt;
 But seum, according to the letter,
 Fitts the assemblie meikle better;
 Cream fitter is for saucie curats,
 And ther insulting Lords the prelats,
 Who will be called of men, Rabbi;
 Such titles are not worth a babie,
 Our partie ne'er car'd for a name,
 Let us be seum, and them be creame. *Not in* A.
 P. 12. l. 227 Which any may see in a tryce. A.
 P. 13. l. 257 And on that score of Ged ask pardon,
 Without which all's not worth a farden. *Not in* A.
 l. 259 No mortall man hes so few senses. A.
 P. 11. l. 268 Can for that form be very heartie. κ.
 l. 288 And cry, Fy! on the carle—for shame! *Not in* A.
 P. 15. l. 301 That hence sprang Cameronian brood. κ.
 l. 313 They who sat nearest soundly farted. κ.
 P. 16. l. 330 They curse and swear, and fling and kick. *Not in* A.
 l. 338 Yea to partic'lars have recourse. *Not in* κ.
 l. 339 And ye shall know that some of ours. A.
 l. 343 The laird by shame, &c. κ.
 l. 351 Which some aver was latelie tried. κ.
 P. 17. l. 351 I hurried was &c. A.
 l. 364 Who speak but from the mouth like parrots. κ.

- P. 17. l. 372 And test the baue, &c. κ.
 l. 378 This is the doctrine they do teach,
 And that they in the pulpit preach. Α.
- P. 18. l. 383 To take the Holy Covenant. κ.
 l. 385 With it and feel the conscience,
 For obligations are the same. Α.
 l. 394 This sacred band it doth not tye
 To divine right of presbitry. Α.
 l. 404 The old protector, &c. κ.
 l. 408 When the assembly he did brake. κ.
- P. 19. l. 412 Such is ther practise, for ther faith. κ.
 l. 433 They cry'd out murder, turn'd his foes. κ.
 l. 438 Which did these foolish serpents charm. κ.
- P. 20. l. 442 Which makes me think almost from heart
 All presbyterians are in part. Α.
 l. 451 They cannot call us kuaves in mind.
 This hath been ay, and still shall be. κ.
 l. 456 When we accept the liberty
 To set up vile idolatrie. Α.
 l. 462 (And prudent men may hold ther tounge
 In evill times, or else sing dumb,
 As files [viols] when they are not strung.) *Not in* Α.
 l. 471 There is a time to be at ease. Α.
- P. 21. l. 472 Which clear is from Ecclesiastes,
 And for my argument full fast is. *Not in* Α.
 l. 474 Another fault the curats had. κ.
 l. 482 And all the neighbouring soil ov'rflow. κ.
 l. 493 A few of whom I will repeat. κ.
- P. 22. l. 504 Likewise avowedly they maintain. κ.
 l. 511 And dangerous superstitious foppery. Α.
 l. 528 A bite of meat even night untill,
 Then its no fault our gutts to fill. Α.
- P. 23. l. 540 By which our very bowells flies. κ.
 l. 551 One which we do these foolls carberry. Α.

- P. 24. l. 580 Doe read the dreams of Joseph Reid. κ.
 P. 25. l. 602 And few of them can understand,
 How it's one instrument or hand. *Not in A.*
 l. 605 They hold as meer obedience. κ.
 P. 27. l. 662 When he does give the Eucharist. *Not in κ.*
 l. 675 That it's not safer by bold words. A.
 l. 682 Betwixt the devill, &c. A.
 P. 28. l. 687 And properlie new idle stories. κ.
 l. 690 Where pure religion, &c. κ.
 l. 703 There was a silent member whose sweet brain. A.
 P. 29. l. 723 Before our master from the earth was gone. κ.
 l. 725 Said he, I give to you this new command
 In love, each &c. κ.
 P. 30. l. 771 The voice of organ, &c. κ.
 l. 772 This done, then said a swarthy fellow. κ.
 P. 31. l. 775 And sun from's wat'ry bed did creep. *Not in A.*
 P. 32. l. 811 Does wisdom's brains, &c. A.
 l. 813 It only does recruit ther force. *Not in A.*
 l. 817 When as a fire spark up bended. A.
 l. 823 He's for the church of Laodiceess,
 And soe not for the Laird of Braes. *Not in A.*
 P. 33. l. 834 Then any of the Grayes three. A.
 l. 839 Was bound to throw ther bread to swine. A.
 l. 847 Brethren, said he, if ye yourselves would prove
 The true disciples of the God of Love,
 Some wisdom, &c. A.
 P. 34. l. 867 In the assemblies wherin we agree. A.
 l. 875 Low and confused like a dron. A.
 l. 876 Or, to come nearer to the matter,
 Just like the noyse of running water,
 When it descends from mountain tops,
 And falls among the rugged rocks. *Not in A.*
 P. 35. l. 896 A black head, and a mighty tool. A.
 l. 899 To purge and plant and cleange the kirk. κ.

- P. 35. l. 911 Which liquor is not worth a knot. A.
- P. 36. l. 923 Either on week or sabbath day. K.
 l. 934 Who preach for money and hyreling. K.
 l. 940 Bnt fighting brave vnder ther banner. K.
 l. 946 Then's master's either for form or matter. K.
- P. 37. l. 964 In this, and in our neighbour nation. *Not in K.*
 l. 976 As any in another town. A.
38. l. 980 That the kirk compar'd is to a tree,
 For, as in trees the fresh and fair
 Are cultivate by greatest care,
 Some rotten twigs that's here and there
 Must be lopt off, and there's noe cure. K.
- l. 986 So every presbyterian whig,
 Whose putrifaactions are grown big,
 If they renounce not to be such,
 Must be lopt off to save the church. K.
- l. 991 A privation at subition. K.
- l. 994 And hinder it for to corrupt,
 And they will need no more to cut. *Not in K.*
- l. 996 The same thing every body sees
 In pears and apples, prunes and cheese,
 Which sometimes doe contract corruption
 That nothing e're can cure but section. *Not in A.*
- l. 1002 Nixt started up a smally squire. K.
- P. 39. l. 1013 On sunday or on other day. A.
- l. 1017 For two malicions wieked fellows,
 And one that narrowly 'sapt the gallows. K.
- l. 1029 And not from brandie, bear or call. K.
- l. 1033 That kneel'd and fired in the rear. *Not in A.*
 His father miller was of H—r. K.
- P. 40. l. 1042 That curats must needs be cut down. K.
- l. 1044 A hanking by, &c. A.
- l. 1065 Most of the women for our party. A.
- P. 41. l. 1076 And was abolished without sentence. A.

- P. 42. l. 1111 From quarter opposite to west. A.
 P. 44. l. 1156 When I had viewed weell each featur. K.
 P. 46. l. 1211 When by this lybell of nonsense. A.
 l. 1227 To make confusion din and noise. A.
 l. 1240 Who were no vitions or supine. A.
 P. 47. l. 1244 To make dissentions and divisions. A.
 l. 1245 That hes this church in pieces rent. *Not in K.*
 l. 1247 Ne'er like to make a settlement. *Not in K.*
 l. 1260 And turn'd ther taills vnto ther rigging,
 When they attackt his heavenly bigging. *Not in A.*
 l. 1264 When Bashan's confusion was o're,
 They like these bulls began to roar. K.
 18. l. 1274 In any thing that he thinks fitt. K.
 l. 1285 Do shew as clear's the sun's bright. K.
 l. 1288 And then K. W. is more old
 By two and thirty years thrice told. A.
 l. 1294 While sometimes we with one consent,
 Made acts 'gainst acts of parliament. K.
 P. 49. l. 1316 Some cry'd, stand to it ther noe fear. K.
 l. 1324 We are imbarqued in a ship
 As good as on the sea does skip. A.
 P. 50. l. 1344 For that peace never long does stand,
 That is not made with sword in hand.
 Since miracles noe more appear. *Not in K.*
 l. 1353 Playing at football on the green. K.
 The like was ne're in any pit. A.

NOTES.

Assist me all, you Muses nyne !

With a beer glass of fourtie-nyne.—p. 5, l. 1.

THE term *fourtie-nyne* appears to have been in general use, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, as descriptive of a particular kind of liquor; probably so called from the year of King Charles' martyrdom, (1649). It seems to have been a favorite beverage of the Presbyterians; and MESTON enumerates it among the various liquors which his KNIGHT so 'glibly' quaffs :

A glass or two of *forty-nine*,

He can pull off before he dine.

The same phrase occurs in a lampoon on '*Family of Monmeal*,' in the *Arniston MS.*

And she affirms it most divine,

To 'toxicat with *forty-nine*.

But perhaps it may have been one of those cant phrases which the Jacobites used when drinking to the exiled family; as by *Oliver* (the Protector) was understood king James—*O live r ex.*

Of speaking cats and prophecies.—p. 5, l. 16.

Various prophecies, regarding the restoration of the dethroned family, were, at this time expected to be accomplished.

Among others, Mr. Berkett, or Berkenhead, had foretold in the following prophecy, the restoration of James VIII. or the Old Pretender, to the British throne. Its fulfilment was, of course, ardently desired by the Jacobites, whose expectations ‘swelled big’ through the French invasion of 1692; but the victory of La Hogue put an end to their hopes, and left the completion of the prophecy to a future period.

“THE PROPHECIE OF MR. BERKETT ANENT KING
JAMES THE 8th HIS RESTAURATION.

Too late I came into this Rounge,
To have the gift of Martyrdoom:
But in short time I’ll end my race,
My King will follow in his place.
And pious James succedeis in’s place
Then shall unspotted truth outshyne,
And honour pay’d t’ our Ladie’s shryne
To him a prince shall then be born,
Who, after a tyme, shall live in scorn:
Whilst ane usurper gaines his throne,
But long he holds it not his own.
Ane other in his place succedeis,
And in the world much mischief breeds.
In those curst days whilst truth’s opprest,
The Eagle* stains his princely nest,
And with the Storcks† doth make a truce,
To prey upon the Flour-de-luce:
Whose virgine generositie
Shall with no base attempts comply:
But when it drooping most appears,
It soon the loftiest colours bears.
Then shall the Eagle and the Storke

* Emperour. † Dutch.

Repent them of their former worke,
 And with submissive knees shall bend
 To the Flour-de-luce, and it attend.
 And when that Pentecost shall be
 The next day to St. Barnabie,†
 Then, ere a spring or two be o're.
 Expect the Prince to's native shoare.
 When our Lord falls in our Lady's lap.
 Old England thou shalt get a slap.
 With Learmont Rymer still I say.
 Scotland shall rue, but England aye.
 When the Antilop's§ son gets the name of a lady.
 Then the righteous air shall succed his dady.
 Tu leo, tu gallus, tu mundi gloria solus
 Regem restitues arbiter orbis deis
 Non orbis gentem, non urbem genus habet ulla,
 Urbsve domus dominus, nec domus ulla parem.

This prophecie wes given in by Mr. Haddock of Cotton, who avers upon oath that his father had it from George Fox, last of Lancaster, above 27 years agoe; and hath been in his and his father's hands ever since it wes found in Master Berket's room when dead. He had been two years and more in Lancaster Castle; and wes condemned for a priest, the latter end of Oatts plott. He wes esteemed a man of wonderfull sinceritie.

Nota. Others call this Berket, Mr. Berkenhead of Lancashire, a worthie divyne that died 1676; fra whom Mr. Haddock of Cotbrue got the foregoing prophecie which in 1633, he gave in upon oath to the Justices of Peace in Lancashire, being quarellled by the government for having it.

[From the *Arniston M.S.*]

† Anno 1709, Pentecost fell on the next day to Saint Barnabie the 12th of June.

§ *Nota.* The Antilop is Duke Hamilton who called his son *Ann* after Queen Anna.—R. M.

Without Amen, for that's condemned.—p. 8. l. 91.

Preach down the prelates, meek Mas John,
Ye'll with my Lady dine;
Yet here the grace bath little place,
Where no man sayes, *Amen*.

SCOTTISH PASQUILS, Book II.

What latelie Mr. Hugh befell.—p. 8. l. 102.

Mr. Hugh Kennedy, was moderator of the previous Assembly in 1690. The allusion in the text refers perhaps to his death, which ROBERT MILNE in a note in the ARNISTON M.S. thus records:—"This Kennedie wes Moderator of the General Assemblie. His 2 sons wer banisht for poysewing, and he fell down dead on the street himselfe." Mr. Kennedy makes a conspicuous figure in the lampoons of the day, in which, among other accusations, he is charged with having participated in the price of king Charles the First's blood.

But Kennedie, for's moderation,
Shall have eternall commendation,
He raised the honour of his nation,
By one Newcastle market.
High prince, reformer of our state,
To thee committed is by fate,
Great Kennedie who is thy mate,
Whom all malignants bark at.

Arniston M.S.

Kennedy seems to have got into a scrape, in consequence of some remark he had made on King William, as Lord Crawford in a letter to Carstares, 19th Dec. 1689, writes:—"That story about Mr. Kennedy's insinuation, "that he had little hopes our king would be better than his predecessor," is a mere forgery, and equally foolishly invented, as it is maliciously spoken; for his caution and prudence in discourse and actings, high esteem

of His Majesty, and expectations from him in our church matters, is even remarkable, beyond many of his brethren; and upon enquiry at himself, and constant hearers, that report is this day flatly disowned, and all other expressions of that tendency.—
STATE PAPERS, p. 125.

The third was only found of mcribe.—p. 9. l. 117.

Mr. William Crichton, Minister at ——— was elected Moderator of the Assembly, 1692.

And ther insulting Lords the prelates

Who will be called of men Rabbi.—p. 10. l. 163.

‘I find King James stages Balmerinno for giving the Pope the stile of *Beatissime Pater*. *Queritur*, How farr this may concern the contraversion anent the giving the titles of LORD to Bishops, that, according to some of the best of the protestant divines, are the steppes to the papacy, and Heydeger expressly makes the Hierarchy the antichrist spoken of in Scripture.’—WODROW’S *Analecta* M.S. vol. 2. p. 95.

They to the testimonies add

The Paternoster and the Creed,—

With other Babylonish weed,

Which Bishops hither brought from Rome—

‘Glor to the Father and the Son.’—p. 11. l. 175.

The diocesan synod held at Edinburgh on 14 Oct. 1662, ordered, “That the Lord’s Prayer should be repeated by every minister once at every sermon, or twice as he saw good. That the ‘Doxology,’ or ‘Glory to the Father,’ being a song composed and sung in the church, when Arians and other sects denied the Deity of our Saviour, should be again revived and sung, this being a time when many sectaries deny the Godhead

of Christ.* That the 'Creed' or 'Belief' be repeated at the administration of the sacrament of baptism, by the father of the child, or the minister, at his discretion.'—WODROW. It would appear, however, that this injunction was not followed by the more rigid presbyterian ministers, who held that every thing emanating from the 'bench of bishops' was erroneous, and therefore sinful to obey. Mr. Robert Calder in his satirical Queries, asks, "Why do not the presbyterians say the Beliefe and Doxology? Because they are not word by word in scripture. Why do they not say the Lord's Prayer? Because it is not word by word in Scripture. What Scripture have they for not saying the Lords Prayer? The 11th chapter of St. Luke, 1 verse, When you pray, say, Our father which art in heaven. Why do they baptize in the Confession of Faith, and the Solemne League and Covenant, and not with the Apostles Creed? Because the Apostles Creed is old, and the Confession of Faith and the Solemne League are new; and the Scripture (say they) tell us that old things are past away, and all things are become new."—*Arunston M.S.*

Pray for our gracious King, pray on,
 Yet villany still foster,
 While ye neglect all due respect
 Unto the *Paternoster*.
 Sing psalms, sing praises, sing aloud,
 Yea, hallelujahs hie,
 Your whining tone will ne'er expon
 Without *Doxologie*.—*Scotish Pasquils*, Book II. p. 46.

* I hear that the Lord's prayer was generally used in the kirks of Edinr. till the year 1649; and read forms of prayer till the 1647. In the 1648, instead of them evry afternoon the ministers went in by turns and prayed, and caused read two chapters of the Bible; and a little after they turned it to a lecture, that was used for some years after.—WODROW'S *Analecta* M.S. vol. 2. p. 111.

*For noe man can the cath'lick kirk,
Except the Presbyterian, call,
Which is the mother of us all.*—p. 11. l. 195.

While the more bigoted Presbyterians arrogantly maintained that theirs was the true religion, and that their form of worship was most consistent with scripture, and most acceptable to the Almighty, the Episcopalians, on the other hand, with equal intolerance, looked with contempt on their republican hierarchy, and characterised their religion as unchristian, and satanic.—“What is the presbyterian and quakers’ religion? Answear, The divell’s. How prove you that? 2d James, 19 verse, The divells believe, (without good works :) In so far, they are presbyterians :—and they tremble : In this they are quakers. Is a presbyterian kirk a christian church? Answear, If a scriptureless, Lord’s prayerless, creedless, sacramentless, reasonless, altarless, ordinationless, absolutionless kirk be a christian church, it is the most christian church in the world.”—*Mr. Robert Calder’s Queries.*

For we do add but one poor jott.—p. 12. l. 201.

“The swearing to the Confession of Faith and Covenant,”—is given by way of note on this line in the ARNISTON M.S.

I do refer to Thomas Foster,—p. 12, l. 212.

Mr. Thomas Forrester, or Foster, (according to the common pronunciation) was Curate of Alva, in the Presbytery of Stirling; but having acquired scruples of conscience as to the lawfulness of prelacy, he quitted his pastoral charge in 1674, and became a zealous non-conformist and conventical preacher.*

* “Mr. Thomas Forrester was first convinced of the evil of prelacy, wherin he joyned till the 1672 or therby, by reading the Apologetical Narration.”—WEDGWOOD’S ANALECTA M.S. Vol. 3. p. 11.

This step rendered him obnoxious both to church and state. He was consequently intercommuned; and being seized at Stirling, he was given over to the privy council at Edinburgh, by whom he was sometime detained in confinement. After the revolution, he was made principal of the new college of St. Andrew's, and died 2d. Nov. 1706. He wrote several controversial works against Episcopacy, the chief of which is 'The Hierarchical Bishop's claim to a Divine Right, tried at the Scripture Bar.'

The following singular 'Epitaph,' as it is termed, written on his death, is in the ARNISTON M.S.

Come stings death, have o'r : lo ! here's my pass,
 In blood charàcter'd by his hand, who was,
 And is, and shall be. Jordan, cut thy stream—
 Make chanells dry—I bear my father's name
 Stamp'd on my brow—I'm raviſht with my crown.
 That ſhines ſo bright—Down with all glorie, down,
 That world can give : I ſee, the pearly port,
 The golden ſtreets, wher bleſſed ſouls reſort :
 The tree of life, floods guiſhing from the throne,
 Calls me to joy ! Begon, ſhort woes, begon !
 I liv'd to die ; but now I die to live.
 I doe enjoy more then I did beleive.
 The promiſe me into poſſeſſion ſends—
 Faith in fruition, hope in haveing ends.

Let us conſult the Laird of Braes.—p. 12. l. 220.

Mr. James Frazer of Braes, miniſter at Culroſs, although admitted to have been “a man of parts and learning,” was characteriſed by archbiſhop Sharp as of “moſt pernicious principles, deſtructive to all kind of government, and withal very active in ſpreading theſe.” He was the declared enemy of epiſcopacy, and on that account ſuffered great hardships, having been cloſely

confined in the Bass for nearly three years. His temper was violent, and his manners were rude and uncompromising. In Dr. Pitcairn's comedy of the "ASSEMBLY," he sustains the character of *Turbulent*, which appears to have fitted him exactly

*That hence sprang Cameronian brood,
With t'other spawn they call Sweet Singers.*—p. 15. l. 301.

The *Sweet Singers*, (so called, says Patrick Walker, "from singing these tearful Psalms over the mournful case of the church, *Psal.* 74, 79, 80, 83, 137,") were a branch of the well known sect of *Cameronians* founded by Richard Cameron, a celebrated field preacher. From their leader, John Gibb, a fanatic sailor of Borrowstonness, who assumed the title of King Solomon, they also obtained the name of *Gibbites*. Their conduct was extravagant in the extreme, and their religious tenets were so absurd and blasphemous, that they can be looked upon only as the ravings of insanity. Mr. Donald Cargill, the shining light of the *Cameronians*, laboured in vain to reclaim these fanatics, who consisted chiefly of women, and to bring them back to the original, tho' little less bigotted sect from which they had sprung.

*The lady for apparell gaudy—
For its a shame to see ther hair,
With cockups touring in the air ;
And skim'ring with top and top-gallon.*—p. 16, l. 33½

The extravagance of dress among females gave great offence to the presbyterian clergy, who often lectured from the pulpit on its unseemliness. Their favorite subject was the *cockups*—high crowned bonnets turned upin frontso as to expose the whole face—which were looked upon as immodest, from their showing, no doubt, a barefaced lightness of character. 'Some years ago also our

women deformed their heads with *Cockups*, and now they deform their bodies with Hoops or Fardingales, nine yards about ; some of them in three stories, very unbecoming women professing godliness, more fit for Harlots. I remember about thirty years ago, when cockups were in fashion, some of them half-yard high, set with wires, a solid serious christian gentlewoman told me, she was going to a friend's wedding, her comrades constrained her to put herself in that dress ; she was uneasy in her mind, and thought she was not herself through the day, &c.'—*Life of Mr. Alexander Peden.*

*For non are ignorant what a trick,
Was put upon us by old Nick,
The Lord Protector.*—p. 18. 405.

“I find some that favour the memory of O. Cromwell, excuse the acting of Cromwell to this church, and say they wer out of kindness. That he would not suffer any more G. Assemblies of this church to sit after 52, because they would have deposed one another, and the rent would have still encreased. That he indyted fasts and thanksgivings himself, and prescribed the dayes and causes, out of a regard to the peace of the church, because, as he tho't, the Protesters and Resolutioners would make each other causes of ther fasting.”—Wodrow's *Analecta*, vol. 2. p. 114.

*In principles of Arminians,
Cassandrians and Socinians.*—p. 19. l. 415.

Arminians, the followers of Jacobus Arminius of Leyden, who hold the doctrine of free will and universal redemption. *Cassandrians*, had their rise from George Cassander, a learned Dutch divine. He laboured to effect a union between the catholics and protestants, and thereby incurred the ill-will of both parties. He died in 1566. *Socinians*, a sect so called from one Laelius Socinus, their author ; afterwards promoted by

Faustus Socius, at Sienna, 1555. He asserted that Christ was mere man, and had no existence before Mary; denied the personality of the Holy Ghost, original sin, grace, predestination, the sacraments and immensity of God."—*Bailey's Dict.*

Like madman by Tarantull stung.—p. 19. 435.

"*Tarantula*, (so called of *Tarento* a city of Naples, where they abound,) a venomous ash-coloured spider, speckled with little white and black, or red and green spots, whose bite is of such a nature that it is said to be cured by music."—*Bailey's Dict.* A very curious account is given by Stephen Storace, the celebrated musician, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Sept. 1753, of his curing a man near Naples, who had been bit by a *Tarantula*, by playing a peculiar musical air, called by the natives the *Tarantella*.

T' accept King James's Toleration.—p. 20. 456.

In July 1687, James the 7th issued a proclamation annulling the penal laws against non-conformity, and granting toleration to the presbyterian ministers to preach openly in churches, or in private houses, but prohibiting their holding field conventicles. This *Indulgence*, as it was called, was accepted by the greater proportion of the clergy; although they regarded it as designed more for the encouragement of popery, than for the real benefit of the kirk. This "bowing the knee to Baal," was considered by the bigoted as an heinous offence, and by the Malignants as a subject of ridicule, which became, in their eyes, more piquant, when these very men, who in 1687 virtually tolerated Popery, opposed in 1703 the toleration of Episcopacy.—"When doe presbyterians think a Tolleration lawfull? When they want the government. When do they think it unlawfull? When they have the government. Why were presbyterians for a Tolleration

for these of King James the 7th's opinion? Because they were papists. Why are they against a Tolleration to these of Queen Ann's opinion? Because they were protestants. What infer they from all this? That Scotch presbyterians have occassionall principles, as their bretheren in England have occassionall communion."—*Mr. Robert Calder's Queries.*

The following dramatic scene, written on the occasion of the attempt to tolerate Episcopacy in 1703, is preserved in the ARNISTON M.S.

TOLLERATORS AND CON-TOLLERATORS; A COMEDY,

ACTED IN MY LORD ADVOCAT'S LODGEING,

JUNE 10, 1703.

ACTORS.

DUKE OF AROYLE.		E. OF MARCHMONT.
MR. DA. WILLIAMSON.		MR. THO. WILKIE.
THE VIS. OF TARBAT.		LORD STRATHMORE.
E. OF WIGTON.		EARL OF HUNE.
E. OF ANNANDALE.		LORD ADVOCAT.

LORD CHANCELOER.

Wig. Good morrow, my Lo. Advocat: How is your Lordship's inclination runing to day; for rebellious presbyterie, or not?

Ad. Yes, my Lord, I'd have you do so too.

Wig. No, God curse me then; I'd rather ye cuckold me, as Montrose did: But hark, by God, we'll have a Tolleration.

Ad. That you wont get, I'se warrant you.

Wig. We have made a great part for us.

Ad. Ay, but the country partie is altogether against itt, and you'll find that they'll come better speed this parliament than ever.

Wig. What devill say you, was I not with the Duke Hamilton the last night, the ringleader of that party, who told me he would have a Tolleration ; but sayes he, if it will not do, I'll see to gett a pension to that poor sect of people.

Ad. What say you ? God, I fear my pension [will] loup then ; and I'd rather kirk and country were ruined.

Wig. God be thanked you are converted.

exit WIGTON.

Enter DUKE OF ARGYLE and MR. WILKIE.

Mr. W. Good morow, my Lord Advocate : I hope all things anent the church will goe right this day.

Ad. Ill enough I fear, Sir, but I hope good.

Mr. W. You do well of it, my Lord ; be faithfull to the end, for its Gods cause we plead for.

Duke Argyle. My Lord Advocate I have an act to present to morrow ; I would have your opinion of it.

Ad. What is it, my Lord Duke ?

Arg. My Lord, it is an act for Ratefieing the Claim of Right, approving of the whole proceedings of the Convention of Estates, and King William's Parliament, and I know my Lord Marchmont hes an act to present anent the church goverment.

Ad. And it please your Grace, if your act goe through I hope the Tolleration will fall to the ground ; but I fear.

Mr. W. God bless your Grace, my Lord Argyle, for you was ay a worthie worker for the cause.

Ad. Ay, but that damn'd cuckold, my Lord Wigton, give me bad hearting just now.

Arg. Ut, ut, my Lord, take honest Mr. Wilkie's advice, be faithfull to the end.*

Ad. I resolve to do so, come of it what will.

exit WILKIE.

Enter *TARBAT.*

Tar. Boy, who is with my Lord Advocat? *Boy.* My Lord Argyle.

Ad. Your servant, my Lord Tarbat.

Tar. Your humble servant, My Lord: I see my Lord Advocat is troubled with Presbyterian bees this morning.

Ad. I met with Mr. Tho. Wilkie in the closs just now. He's a very honest man, my Lord.

Tar. Deill confound me, if ever I knew any of his profession honest.

Arg. Hold, my Lord, with your reflections, for that will not gain your point.

Ad. But what news about the Tolleration?

Tar. God, I hope there shall be no hinderance of it, if the Devill do not oppose it, for I am sure God is for it: But Presbytrie, that rebellious Devill, is its strongest enemy.

Ad. Oh! oh! oh! What for a figure is this, my Lord. I'd alwayes thoughts you had been of these rebellious divills yourself. Hies not your holy Lady converted you as yet.

Tar. Na, God she, I am to be hanged, and then converted.

Arg. Seed you the Essay upon the Tolleration, my Lord Secretary.

Tar. By God did I; and he's a damned nationall blockhead, more fit for a webster than a minister that wrot it: For Mr. Meldrum's sermon he cannot prove the half of his arguments: but an ye live to see it you'll see him turn as oft as turncoat Wilkie in the Lady Yester's church, or by God I'll hang.

* The Duke's opposition was the great mean of excluding the toleration of Episcopacy at this time.

Arg. I hope to see the latter, but not the first.

exit ARGYLE.

Ad. My Lord Secretary, I'd have you leaveing off thoughts of pleading for a Tolleration, for it will be in vain.

Tar. Why, the devill, now what will stop it?

Ad. His Grace the Duke of Argyle is to present an Act ratifieing the Claim of Right, and declareing it high treason to quarrell it, or any part of it.

Tar. Ut, ut; that clause abjureing Episcopacie shall be rescinded.

Ad. No, no, no; each point of it will be ratified, and I would have you forbear thoughts.

Tar. No, when I am hanged you may advise me; but not till then. But Argyle must have a Tolleration to his whoredoms, adulteries,—ther's the point; and I think it should be insert in the Claim of Right.

Ad. No, you'r mistaken; my Lord Argyle has good reason, for his life and fortune depends upon the Claime of Right.

Tar. God, I think so; but it shall be against my will if it be ratified.

Ad. My Lord Marchmont has ane other act for ratifieing the Presbyterian Government.

Tar. Why not, I shant be against it, but, by God, if these damned hot headed whiggs had said, Ple have a Tolleration.

Ad. You may do so. You may present your act.

Tar. By God I'll present it, have it voted, and carried, or God damn me if some of you don't repent it.

Enter MR. DAVID WILLIAMSON.

Ad. There is Mr. David Williamson: Mr. David, good morrow.

Mr. Da. Your Lordship's humble servant.

Ad. Here's a man cannot be buckled to Presbytrie.

Mr. Da. My Lord, worse is his own.

Tar. Indeed, Mr. David, I am for no more changes nor Revolutions; but I would have all Godly folk to live, and you ken, Mr. David, the Bishops tollerat you, and why not you them.

Mr. Da. Indeed, my Lord, an ye look to the glory of God, and the good of the nation, you would all appear against a Tolleration; for it will breed division, and ther will be another revolution; and we maun leave wife and bairns, and gang to open field; and e'en, my Lord, commit the foull fact to keep us from being catched by our enemies.

Tar. Mr. David, God's your master, the Queen's my master; see ye to the glory of your master, for by God I'll see to the glory of mine.

Mr. Da. Fy! fy! fy! Swearing where the Lasses: ho! let me clap to it, for I'll hear non of such athism oaths goe.

Tar. Stay, stay, Mr. David. How many revolutions have you seen?

Ad. Be modest, my Lord Secretary, be modest.

Tar. Very modest; but Mr. David, how many have you really seen?

Mr. Da. Only one my Lord, and the deill had said it, I hope I shall see no more.

Tar. Indeed, Mr. David, you've seen seven; and I'll cause your three worthy members testifie it.

Mr. Da. Indeed, my Lord, I never saw any revolutions but one; and what you mean by the three worthy members, I don't know, and the truth is ther is some members of the Kirk of Scotland better qualified than others.

Tar. Deill speed me, Mr. David, if I ken any in the kirk, or out of the kirk, hes better qualifications than yourself: and I'll tell you what I mean by the three worthy members that sometime conversed with the Ladie's daughter.

Mr. Da. Away profanity! Procull o procull esto profani! God qualifie you, and convert you from the baek gait to the

fore gate; for an you gang in at the back gait, you'l gang a' wrong.

exit MR. DAVID *angrey*.

Tar. Heard you ever better sport then I had with Mr. David?

Ad. All your hellish reflections were to no purpose, and ought not to have been uttered by you.

Tar. What should those expect who preach satyre, write satyre, and discourse in satyre? A pack of satyriek divells, but to be payed home in their own coine.

Ad. How so? I know non of them either wryte satyre, preach satyre, or discourse satyre.

Tar. God curse you for ane old whiggish divill; where Mr. Williamson's sermon befor the Assembly? wher Mr. Webster's Essay? and ther whole preachings and writings are so bitter that I doubt not but they have been insinuated by the devill in hell.

Ad. O cursed wretch, the quintisence of venom against God and his eause. God curse you, and I am sure he will curse you, if you do not repent: But no more of it.

Enter E. OF MARCHMONT.

Mar. Good morrow, my Lord Advocat.

Ad. Your Lordship's humble servant. How do your Lordship to day.

Mar. Not well.

Mar. My Lord Seeretary, I hope you wont appear against the settlement of the goverment now established by law.

Tar. My Lord I wont appear against it. I think a tolleration of Episcopacie necessary at this time, when so many pious and learned men are famished for want of bread, and I think no charitable christian should offer to oppose it.

Mar. They want not tollerations; and some of them by their sermons on the 30 day of Jan., such as Mr. Cant and Cadell, may come to gaine more than if they had a benefice, for staining

their native country with the bloodshed of King Charles I. a cryme which very strangers in such anniversary sermons exempts us from : What Mr. Cadell got for his, I know not : Mr. Cant got above 800 merks, which is near the double of some benefice in the Kingdom, and if such men deserve tolleration I know not, but shall leave it to the judgment of the honourable House.

Tar. But my Lord, Mr. Cant is not the whole Episcopall clergie; he is but one member.

Mar. It is true he is so; but if each of them had blasphemed as he did in their sermons, why might they not [have] got as much, and I know ther are few of them wants, and for my part, though the whole house should be for it, I'll protest against it, and take God to witnes.

Ad. I'se warrant you I'se back you, my Lord.

Mar. Sec, my Lord, read my act; Argyle hes another.

Ad. I seed Argyle's this morning. His Grace was with me.

Tar. God curse these whiggs, for I think they shall alwayes carry the day. If I had said it, if they get a Tolleration to whore, drink, cheat, and curse, and betray, they'le hold be presbytric.

Mar. Wo, my Lord, be sober; for presbytric only supresses these vices.

Ad. I've read your act, and approves of it: cause get some draughts of it ready, and sound some of the members, for if it pass I fear not Argyle's.

exit MARCHMONT.

Enter ANNANDALE & STRATHMORE.

Ann. Good morrow, my Lords.

Tar. Good morrow, my Lords, I am vexed to the heart.

Stra. Why?

Tar. With Argyle's act; that damn'd rascall, God damn him.

Stra. Amen. But what is his act?

Ann. Rateficing the Claim of Right in all points, and declaring it treason to quarrell it.

Stra. God, what then?

Tar. Ut, you ignorant villan. Is not episcopaey abjured?

Stra. I did not know so much, but there is my act anent the Tolleration. Wont it do think you?

Tar. God, I fear it will not do: But, however, present it immediately after Marchmont's, and I will know by the first reading if it will pass.

Enter the EARL OF HUME.

Tar. There the Earl of Hume, that peer of the Merse. He wad not care to stop all your presbyterian noses in his mickle a—, as Robert Cadell says.

Ad. Your Lordship's servant.

Hume. Your servaut, my Lord Advocat. Well my Lord, I have an act to present anent the cess.

Ad. It wont be heard untill the affairs of church and state be discust.

Tar. God damn your a— my Lord, it would file all the presbyterian noses.

Ad. Neither his nor your's shall do it.

Tar. If mine could doe, your's should go in first, and by God, I'd choack you with f—.

Ann. Oh, oh, oh, away with such discourse.

exit HUME.

Enter LORD CHANCELOUR.

Cha. Good morrow, my Lord Advocat, good morrow.

Ad. Your Lordship's humble servaut. How does your Lordship to day?

Cha. Your Lordship's humble servant. My Lord Secretary how do you to day.

Tar. Not well.

Cha. What troubles you? a tollerating disease? Will you die of it, think you?

Tar. God I se warrant me never die of a tollerating or con-tollerating disease, if these damned whiggs git their will.

Cha. Ay, but you'l anger the Presbyterians.

Tar. O for them all minshed in a dish to day to your dinner and myne. God, I would eat them heartsomely without a drink.

Stra. God, I wou'd dine with you.

Ad. Be sober, my Lord Secretary, you must both dine on cheaper meat.

Tar. God, against my will, my Lord.

Cha. But after what manner wou'd you have them dressed?

Tar. Mr. David Williamson in the midst, with his three members *ad longum*; a presbyterian sance, groat ale and brandy.

Cha. God damn me if the Tolleration would bide a host then.

Tar. No God, it would pass *nemine contradicente*, an these damned villans had said it.

Ad. Deill catch you both if you have it yet.

Exeunt omnes in a rage.

EPILOGUE.

When church is in Comedians' dress,
 You may see how statesmen themselves express :
 What cursed, what foolish schism creators
 Are these sect of men whom they name Tollerators ;
 What bloody designs they dayly do hatch,
 The poor presbyterians on a trouble to catch.
 To procure their design what lyes they invent,
 That both kirk and country they may bring to contempt.
 The nation's wisdom I hope shall oppose
 The Kingdom's enemies, and the kirk's foes :
 Let them do what they can, they cannot prevaill,
 So in vain they've lost their strength and their zeall.

FINIS.

*Lykecways, they publickly maintein
That privat sacraments are noe sin—p. 22. l. 505.*

“But the copestone of the wickedness of that period, was the Ratification of the *five articles of Perth* ; *kneeling at the communion, private communion to be given to the sick, private Baptisme, and confirmation of children by the Bishop, and observance of festival dayes.* Which were much opposed and testified against by the faithful, from their first hatching *anno* 1618 to the year 1621, when they were ratified in Parliament : at what time they were also witnessed against from Heaven, by extraordinary Lightenings and Tempest. And against this the Testimony of the faithful continued, till the Revolution *anno* 1638.” *A Hind let loose*, 1687.—p. 51. It was overtured in the assembly 1690, “That the Communion and Baptisme should not be administered in private, according to the act of the General Assembly, which act being read, it was against all the five articles of Perth. Rule said, these things were very reasonable, and that private communion was charming and soerey, and was against scripture and antiquity. Kirkton said, that was very disputable, and he could buckle them on that head. He said that publick baptisme had made six of his parishioners of considerable note leave him; and he added that although they should make many acts about publick baptisme, yet he would baptise privately, before the curates got the children to baptise.”—SCOT. PASQ. BOOK I. *pref.* p. 28.

*And more, at which our bowells fryes,
At Christmass they hold geese and pyes
Are lawfull meat.—p. 23. l. 540.*

The observance of Christmas, as a holyday, was denounced by the Kirk as superstitious; and it was no uncommon thing for preachers to pry into the secrets of the kitchen, in order to detect transgressors on that festive day. Wodrow mentions that

Murdoch M'Kenzie, Bishop of Moray, while minister at Elgin, "was famous for searching people's kitchens on Christmas-day for the superstitious goose, telling them, that the feathers of them would rise up in judgment against them one day; and when a bishop, as famous for affecting always to fall a preaching upon the deceitfulness of riches while he was drawing the money o'er the board to him."—"Why do they [Presbyterians] not sing 'Glory be to God on high?' Because that was the Song the Angels made on Zule-day; and they are not for Christmas carols. They fast on Zule-day, but eat the goose on Goodfryday." Mr. CADDELL'S *Queries*.

————— *Once ev'rie year,
The thirtie day of Januar,
They celebrat for a dead king.*—p. 23. l. 543.

The Presbyterians refused, although enjoined by the privy council, to observe the anniversary of the martyrdom of Charles I., as a day for divine worship. "Their not observing the anniversary day, proceeds from a principle that no human power can oblige us to violate the Fourth Commandment, which says positively, 'Six days shalt thou work;' whence it is evident, that though any of the six days may be set apart for worship occasionally, yet none of them can be made anniversary on what account soever; for if otherwise, there is none of the six on which some remarkable providence hath not happened;—and consequently by that argument we should have no time at all left for work,—and the advances toward this, which Papists have made by their multitudes of holy days, shew what strength the objection hath in it."—*Answer to the Scotch Presb. Eloq.*

*We'll keep noe holy days on earth,
But Sunday, and George Heriol's birth.*—p. 23. l. 556.

"But for all the abhorrence that Presbyterians have, and do

profess against the observation of anniversary days, yet they never missed to preach an anniversary sermon on Mr. Heriot, who built and endowed the great hospital in the city of Edinburgh; the reason is, that for every sermon in Heriot's commendation, they get five pounds, a new hat, and a bible. If they could but have made the same purchase by preaching on Christmas, it is more than probable that they would have thought the annual observation of our Saviour's birth as little superstitious as that of Mr. Heriot's memory.'--*Scotch Presb. Elog. Displayed*. The first Monday of June is still annually observed as a holiday at the hospital, commemorative of its founder, and a sermon is preached in the Greyfriars church for the occasion.

Now as for learning, they'r but blocks.—p. 23. l. 560.

‘But the Prelatick *curats* can give no proof of their Ministry, &c. *Ergo*—The qualification of *aptness to teach* is wanting, yea incompatible with them, not only such of them as are noted for ignorance, of whom clearly that is verified, they are *blind watchmen*, they are all *ignorant* (*Isa.* 56. 10.) but even their greatest clerks and *Rabbies* may fitly be called after the name of their forefathers, whom Christ calls *blind Leaders of the blind*, concerning whom he gives a command to *let them alone*, *Math.* 15. 14. &c. &c.’—*A Hind let loose*, 1687, p. 235.

For doted Davie's holy physick.—p. 24. l. 563.

This was Mr. David Dickson, minister of Edinburgh. WODROW, in his *Analecta*, relates a curious circumstance of Mr. David, which had apparently bestowed on him the soubriquet of ‘doted’ i.e. consecrated.—‘Mr Andrew Tate told me he had this accompt from D. Dickson, Mr. D. Dickson's grandchild, as what was not doubted by them: That Mr. Dickson's parents

wer persons of a great deal of substance and riches, (in Glasgow, or Stirling I think), and eminently pious both; that they were several years married and had noe children; upon which they entered into a solemn vow, if the Lord would give them a child, if a son, they should dedicate him to [the] service of his church: and employed the christians of the place to joyn with them in a day of fasting and prayer upon this accompt. According Mr. D. Dickson was born, and they, befor he came to any great age, forgote ther vow, and bred him a merchant; and all things misgave in his hand, and they stocked him once and again till he lost to them several thousands, and their losses brought them in mind of their vow, and according he was putt to his studies, and what eminent service he did his generation is known.'—Vol. I. p. 128.

Mr. David Dickson appears not only to have been a *doted*, but likewise a *dautit* minister, being much caressed by his female auditors.—'I heard that when Mr. D. Dickson came in to see the Lady Eglintoun,* who at the time had with her the Lady Wigtoun, Cnrosse, &c. and they all caressed him very much, he said, Ladys, if all this kindness be to me as Mr. D. Dickson, I eun you noe thank; but if it be to me as a servant of my master's, and for his sake, I take it all weel.'—WODROW'S *Analecta* vol. I. p. 35.'—'I have been these two sabbaths or three in private, taking instruments in the name of God, That my Lord Jesus and I have kissed each other in Aberdeen. Who can blame Christ to take me on behind him (If I may say so), on his white horse through a water? Will not his father take his little *doted* Davie in his arms, and carry

* A singular circumstance occurred at the death of this lady. "At the good Countesse of Eglintoun's death, a litle befor it, ther wer a great sound of Trumpets heard by Mr. D. Dickson, then in the house. He thought at first it had been some noblemen coming to the house, but none appearing, he concluded it a price of the ministry of Angells."—ANALECTA vol. I. p. 297.

him over a ditch or mire?" *Rutherford's Epistles* 92.—He died in December, 1662.

They pryze noe more than children's whistles
All Mr. Rutherford's Epistles.—p. 24. l. 567.

Mr. Samuel Rutherford, professor of divinity in the New College of St. Andrews, and a most strenuous supporter of republicanism. He was the author of several works of a democratic nature, of which *Lex Rex* was the principal. Its seditious tendency attracted the attention of government, who ordered it to be burnt, by the hands of the hangman, at the cross of Edinburgh, and at the gate of his own College. He was the leader of the *Remonstrants* in Fife; and the circumstance of his being the head of this violent party gave great influence to his name and writings among the whigs of Fife, which is still felt by their descendants. This influence was, probably, occasioned by his opponent, Mr. Sharp, a counsellor of more moderate measures, having become primate of Scotland at the Restoration. The hatred to the archbishop is still as fresh, and the reverence for his antagonist as deep, among the present Dissenters, as among the Covenanters of the seventeenth century.

He was held in high repute by his own party, who 'doubted whether his sublime scholastick invention in dispute and controversy, or his sweet popular familiar strain in his sermons, were the most admirable.' Singular instances of these qualities are given by the Editor of *Kirkton's History*, Note p. 121. and his *Epistles* afford abundant evidence of his 'familiar strain.' On the other side his character is thus summed up.—'Mr. Samuell Rutherford, altho lousse in hes zoutlie, hes beine from his first begining a suorne enimey to monarchey, as hes wrettings testifie; a hatter of all men not of hes oppinion, and one quho if never so lightlie offendit, vnreconcileable; woyd

of mercy and charity, altho a teacher of both to others.'—BALFOUR'S *Annals*, vol. 3. p. 418. He died 29 March, 1664.

From a she saint that's call'd Therese.—p. 24, l. 572.

St. Teresa, a virgin of Castille, and foundress of the Reformation of the Barefooted Carmelites, died in 1582, and was canonized by Pope Gregory XV. in 1621. Her 'Epistles' were published by Bishop Palafox in four volumes, and her Life, written by herself, has been several times translated into French. Butler says that her Life 'is the delight of devout persons, not on account of the revelations and visions there recorded, but because in it are laid down the most perfect maxims by which a soul is conducted in the paths of obedience, humility and self denial, and especially of prayer and an interior Life.'—*Lives of the Saints*, vol. X. p. 308. She was highly gifted in 'mystical Theology, or supernatural passive prayer.'

James Durhame on the Revelation.—p. 24. l. 573.

Mr. James Durham was laird of Purie in Angus, and married for his first wife Anna Durham, daughter to the laird of Duntervie near Queensferry. He was at one time a Captain in the Army, but afterwards studied for the church, and was ordained minister at Glasgow in 1647. He married for his second wife Margret Mure, relict of Mr. Zachary Boyd. He died in 1658, aged 36. He wrote Expositions of the Song of Solomon, a book on Scandal, and on the Revelation.

'Mr. D. Gray tells me he hears that Mr. Durham kept two dayes a week for fasting and prayer for discovering of the Lord's mind when he was writing on the Revelation, and it was tho't that with his close study and tho't, cast him into that decay wherof he dyed. He was a man that was very much in medi-

tation. He usually said very little to persons that came to propose their cases to him, but heard them; but next day he preached, he was sure to handle them.'—*Analecta* vol. 2. p. 179.

Doe read the Dreams of Joseph Meed.—p. 24. l. 580.

Joseph Mede, a learned English divine, was born in 1586, and died in 1638. He was a strenuous millenarian, and wrote several works on the subject, of which a Commentary on the Apocalypse is the principal.

They'll ne'er read Mr. Andrew Gray.—p. 24. l. 584.

Mr. Andrew Gray, was son of Sir William Gray provost of Edinburgh, and at the early age of 21 was ordained minister of Glasgow. He died in January 1656, about two years after his ordination. He married a daughter of Baillie of Jerviswood, who afterwards became the wife of Mr. George Hutcheson minister of Irvine. Mr. Hutcheson used to call him a 'Spark from Heaven.'—*Analecta* vol. 4. p. 185. He wrote a sermon entitled '*The Mystery of Faith opened up*,' which was published in 1670. Colvil, in his *Whig's Supplication*, takes notice of Mr. Andrew.—

To bring those troubled souls to peace,
Some reads *Alvarez* Helps to grace;
Some *Sanctuary of a troubled Soul*;
Some cited passages of *Paul*,
Explaining well what he did say:
Some reads on Mr. *Andrew Gray*.

In the book call'd Jus populi.—p. 26. l. 647.

Jus populi vindicatum, is the title of a controversial book written by Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees, against the government.

It was condemned by the Privy Council in 1670, who imposed a fine of 10,000 merks on all those who had copies in their possession after a certain time.

We thought King Willie had been such.—p. 27, l. 658.

‘I hear, King William, a little after the Revolution, when this present Dutchess of Hamilton came down from Court, and had taken leave of the Queen, took leave of the King, and he smiling said, she was going down to take care of the Kirk: she said, ‘Yes, Sir, I own myself a Presbyterian,’ and offered to kneel to kiss his hand. The King presently supported her, and (I think) did not suffer her to kneel, but said, ‘Madam, I am likewise a Presbyterian.’ This I have from one that was witness to it, and another good hand that had it from the Dutchess.’—Wodrow’s *Analecta*, vol. 2, p. 156. King William was, however, no bigot. In his letter to the first General Assembly held after the Revolution, he commended moderation, plainly telling them, that he would not make his authority a tool to the irregular passions of any party. This lukewarmness for the cause of the Covenant gave great offence to the violent party, and, joined with other matters, led them to suspect that they had been deceived in thinking William such a strenuous Presbyterian as they had supposed. Wodrow, in his *Analecta*, (vol. 2, p. 101.) gives the following curious account of William’s devotion to religious duties.—“He tells me likewise, he had this account of K. William from Mr. Carstairs, who was with the King in the camp at the time. That there was a barn near the King’s tent, to which he was frequently observed to retire every morning almost. A souldier who noticed it, was very earnest to know what the King was doing, and found means to get in to the barn next morning before the King, and hide himself beneath some bottles of strau, and lye very close. He observed the King come in and shutt the dore

behind him, and take out of his pocket a litle Bible, and read (standing) upon it for near half ane hour, and severall times took his eyes off it, and looked up to heaven. This he closed, and kneeled down, and prayed most fervently, and weeped very much. Then he arose and took another book out of his pocket, which he said was Flavell's peice on the Heart, and after he had read upon that, for about a quarter of ane hour, he putt it up and prayed very shortly, standing on his feet, but most fervently with many tears, and after all, wiped his eyes and face, and opened the dore, and went out. This was a great conviction to the fellow, who did not think that kings had prayed any.'

And is on Doctor Oats his plot.—p. 30, l. 763.

'That notorious villain, Dr. Oats, the grand evidence in the pretended Popish Plott, being convicted of perjurie, and many other crimes, 16th May, 1685, was sentenced to be degradat of of his priestly office, to be two severall days scourged; to stand in the pillory three severall dayes; to pay 1000 merks sterling, of fine for each perjurie; and to suffer perpetuall imprisonment, and to be pillored yearly three times: since by his evidence the lives of Vis. Stafford, Colman, and many others were taken away. See more of him in the Tryall, 1685.'—FOUNTAINHALL'S *Chron. Notes*, p. 48.

One cry'd 'Let's pray to drown the noise.'—p. 30, l. 767.

'In the forenoon Mr. Gabriel Semple was, by a vote, made Minister at Jedburgh. Mr. Gabriel Cunningham said, 'that before the vote past, it was fitte to pray that they might drown the noise, since there was a great gable amongst the brethren.' The motion was obeyed, and a prayer bended up, which they use to do when there's a great dinn in the House. Kirkton was angry at the motion, and said, 'what needed all that fool pray-

ing, for it was never before the custom.'—*Letter on the Ass.* 1690, SCOT. PASQ. BOOK I. *pref.* p. 28.

*As once said a phanatich saint,
Whose name was Mr. Andrew Cant.*—p. 31, l. 797.

'Mr. Andrew Cant was Minister of the Newtoun of Aberdeen. He was a most zealous straight man for the Covenant and cause of God. I hear he had that expression at his death, that his conscience bare him witness, that he never gave a wrong touch to the ark of God all his dayes. The Malignants used to call him one of the Apostles of the Covenant.'—WODROW'S *Analecta*, M.S. vol. 3, p. 265. He died 4th Dec. 1685.

He had a son called Andrew, who was also a presbyterian minister at Aberdeen, but who afterwards turned episcopal. This step, says Patrick Walker, was always feared by his honest father. 'One day, going a piece of way together, he was skipping before his father, he said, 'Souple Andrew, I fear that be thy fault all thy days, both in principle and practice.'

It was condemn'd by John Semple.—p. 31, l. 799.

Mr. John Semple, Minister of Carsphairn, in Galloway.

At last vrose a noble Lord—p. 35, l. 890.

This noble Lord is evidently the Earl of Crawford, who was the great supporter of Presbytery at the Revolution. For what reason he is made to discourse of trees, the editor is not aware, altho' frequent mention is made in the lampoons of the day, of his Lordship's predilection for horticultural pursuits.

Brought from a garden, and obscure retreat,
Abdalonimus like, to rule the state,
Sick herbage now and fading flowers declare
The fatall loss of such a gardiner's care ;

Yea, the poor tender imps began to faill,
 And suffer sadly through ther master's zeall.
 And though he alwayes something doth retaine,
 As it's no wonder, of the gardener's mein.—

In a satirical News-letter from Parnassus in 1690, preserved in the ARNISTON M.S., giving an account of the trial of all the Whig Noblemen at the Court of Appollo, the Earl of Crawford thus appears: "Nixt him was brought the E. of Crawford. All the nation, except some pedlers, begged Appollo might show no mercy to him, that had been ane enemie to mankind. If so great a cry had not gone against him, its like Appollo, considering how little capable he was to do harm in any other government but K. W. had ordered him to be confyned to his estate. his miserable park, there to teach gardiner boyes for ha-pence a peice, to prune gooseberry bushes, and know some fruit trees by ther leaves; but so many lies, cruelties, and barbarityes were brought against him, that Appollo immediately ordered him to be carried to the Grass Marcatt of Edinburgh, where many of his intimates had finished ther course."

———— *Nought will doe the turne,
 Except we either cut or burne.*—p. 40. l. 1051.

The expression 'cut or burn' seems to refer to the cutting off a diseased limb, and applying the actual cautery; altho, perhaps, the witty author may allude to the following story, which is thus related in the Statistical Account of the Parishes of Fossaway and Tulliebole: "Among the antiquities of the Parishes, may also be enumerated an anvil stock, that was the property of a blacksmith in the Crook of Dovon, before the Reformation. At that time, a Roman Catholic Priest officiated in the Parish, who was a great declaimer against the marriage of the Clergy. The blacksmith had, notwithstanding, reason to suspect that he was too

familiar with his wife; and, pretending to go on a journey, he returned unexpectedly, and found the priest and his wife together. This son of Vulcan, however, did not, like his predecessor in the case of Mars and Venus, prepare a net to link them together; but he hammered out a most substantial staple, and indignantly dragging the priest to the anvil stock, he nailed him to it, by means of the staple, and by that part of his body which had done the mischief. He then laid down a knife, and setting fire to the smith's shop, gave the priest his choice, either 'to cut or to burn.' The priest hesitated, till the flames approached him; but was at last obliged to have recourse to the knife. He never afterwards made his appearance in the parish; and no other Roman Catholic Priest was permitted to succeed him. The anvil-stock has, therefore, the name of the 'Reformation Clogg;' and the story is known by the title of 'cut or burn.' The original clogg itself has been in the possession of the last five ministers of the parish, and is now in the possession of the writer of this account. This affair is said to have happened during the time that Mary, Queen of Scots, was confined in the castle of Lochleven, under the care of William Douglas, to whom it belonged."—*Stat. Act. of Scotland*, vol. 18. p. 475.

The following Monkish rhymes, with the *Nota bene* annexed, apparently refer to this anecdote.

“Traditur historia sequens de Monacho quodam,
Nuptam qui fabri ardebat, (non nomina prodam :)
Die Veneris, ille solebat adire amatum,
Die quo faber solebat adire mercatum.
Faber aliquando, gravi zelotypia motus,
Domum redit mercatu, nequaquam conjugii notus;
Monachum improbum videbat amare formosam;
Rem vidit in re,—rem plane vidit atrocem.
Quid dein agendum, faber tunc cogitabat.
Ad incudis lignum, membrum nocentem ligabat,

Cum clavo infixo per monachi serotum ;
 (Sit meeis ac monachis omnibus notum :)
 Tune, domo accensa, dat monacho cultrum,
 ‘Seca vel urere,’ dicens ad adultrum ;
 Qui fabro non amplius ferrario pestis,
 Nam, metuens ignem, excidit testes.”

“N.B. It appears from record, that there was a bull given by the Pope to the Abbot of Dunfermline, for allowing this Monk to remain in the Abbaey after such an accident.”

Because, forsooth, a pious lady.—p. 41. l. 1071.

Perhaps this refers to Lady Anne Wemyss, who married in 1691, David Leslie, third Earl of Leven. The allusion to his Lordship's fighting with a lady, may relate to the story of his having ‘switched the Lady Mortonhall with his rod, when she reproved him for hunting in her park.’ Allusion is also made to this story in the following poem on his Lordship's marriage, preserved in the ARNISTON M. S. :

LYNES ON MY LORD LEAVINE'S MARIAGE WITH THE COUNTESS
 OF WEEME'S DAUGHTER.

In fertile Weems, that soul refreshing place,
 Wnder the droppings of the dew of Grace,
 Dorinda lins, the honour of her race !
 Dorinda, chiefe of Covenanted maides !
 Pryde of our Kirk, and glory of our aige !
 Her all, and every pairt wes fram'd so weill,
 No prelat member did the rest excell,
 Bot parity in every limb did dwell.
 So perfect all did justly her account,
 A transumpt of the paterne of the mount.

Doriinda, only fitt for Ajax love !—
 Ajax, who thunders from his rock lyke Jove ;*
 Ajax, who does with birchen scepter raigne,
 O'er all the frighted ladies of the plaine !
 No superstitions rite, nor idle jest,
 But godly psalmes did grace the nuptiall feast.
 In stead of garter loos'd, or stocking flung,
 Sex double verse to Martyrs' tune were sung.
 The bryde wes bedded by the word of God,
 Ane patern of reformed Kirks abroad.
 In the next place, a possat made of sacke,
 Which gravely as the sacrament they take.
 After some disputs, curious and nice,
 About postures in the tyme of exercise,
 Sex loud presenters our last good-night did sing,
 The sacred croud did dance it in a ring,
 Untill good sweet mes David did begin,†
 Inspyr'd with sack, to sing this nuptiall hymne.

Lest from our head we shak the branks.—p. 42. l. 1102.

In both manuscripts this line runs thus,

Lest from his head we shak the branks.

The Editor, however, conceives that this reading is erroneous. The proverbial phrase here expressed evidently means that the *clergy*, not the *king*, would free themselves of the restraints of which they complain. The *branks* was an instrument of punishment for violent brawlers, made of iron bars surrounding the

* He was Governour of Edinburgh Castle.—R. M. † The Reverend David Williamson.

head, and having a tongue of the same metal, which went into the mouth, and constrained silence.

His name was Mr. Solomon.—p. 43. l. 1139.

Mr. Solomon is Mr. David Williamson, minister, in Edinburgh, better known in the book of scandal under the soubriquet of *Dainty Davie*.

‘I am well informed that Mr. David Williamson, when he was, a little after the Revolution, snupplying at Aberdeen, was much hated by the Jacobites and Episcopalls there [who] put all the obloquy and affronts upon him they could: particularly on sabbath when he was going to preach, they hounded out a poor profane man to meet him on the publick street, and sing and dance on the sabbath; whither he had a fiddle playing also I do not mind, but the tune he sung in dancing before him was *Dainty Davie*. Mr. Williamson was grieved at the profanation of the sabbath, and said to some body with him, ‘Alace for that poor man, he is now rejecting the last offer he is ever to have of Christ.’ The wretch came not to church, and before night dyed in a few minutes.—WODROW’S *Analecta*, M.S. vol. 6. 51.

Of the Commissioner his Grace.—p. 16. l. 1213.

Robert, fourth Earl and first Marquis of Lothian, was his Majesty’s Commissioner to the General Assembly of 1692.

*So mighty Jove, with thunder thumps,
Did smyte those gyants on the rumps,
And turn’d ther taills vnto ther rigging,
When they attackt his heavenly bigging.*—p. 47. l. 1257.

This is a very humorous compendium of Ovid’s, ‘Gigantomachia,’ or Battle of the Giants.

Neve foret terris securior ardens æther ;
 Affectasse ferunt regnum cœleste Gigantes,
 Altaque congestos struxisse ad sidera montes.
 Tum pater omnipotens, misso, perfregit Olympum,
 Fulmine, et excussit subjecto Pelio Ossam ;
 Obruta mole sua cum corpora dira jacerent.

As Hynd let loose, and People's Right.—p. 18. l. 1281.

A Hynd let loose was written by the Rev. Alexander Shiells, in order to controvert prelaey, and the lawfulness of the measures of government against the kirk ; and to uphold the covenant, and the right of the people to take up arms in defence of their religious and civil liberty. It was a work well suited to the times, and was much esteemed by the violent party. *Boyle*, in his letter to *Grahame of Airth*, calls it “ one of the most scurrilous, seditious books that ever was published, being wholly made up of treasonable speeches against king and church, and intended by the author for rousing disturbance in the country.”

People's Right was the controversial tract, called *Jus populi vindicatum*. See p. 85.

*Then sang a psalm that all might see
 How they like brethren did agree,
 'Twas the hundred and thertie three.*—p. 51. l. 1374.

“ 1692 Feb. 13. ant. merid. The G. Ass. was dissolved after prayer. The Commissioner said they had a competent time allowed them to have done what was the principle designe of calling this Ass. (to unite with ther Bretheren). But perceiving noe inclinations towards complying with the King's demands, he, in his name, dissolved the Ass. The Moderator asked if the Ass. was dissolved without nominating a dyet for

another. He answered, his Maty. will appoint another, and give timouse advertishment. The Moderator desired to be heard a feu words. The Commissioner answred he could not hear him as Moderator. ‘In what ever capacity your Gr. pleases,’ said the other; and added, that the Ass. acknouledged all obligations to his Maty, and if his commands had been in any, or all ther wordly concerns, they would have yeilded; but the Assembly being dissolved, without indyting another to a certain day, he could not forbear to declare, that the office bearers in the house of God have a spirituall intrinsick pover from Jesus Christ, the only head of his church, to meet in Assemblys about the affairs thereof, the necessity of the same being first represented to the magistrate; therefor he craved that such a dissolution might not be to the prejudice of yearly General Assemblys granted by the laws of the Kingdome. The members rose all up, and declared their adherance to what the Moderator had said. The Moderator offered to pray, but the members by a generall cry pressed to name a dyet for the nixt General Assembly. The Moderator proposed at Edinburgh the 3d Wensday of Agust, 1693. The members again with one voice declared their approbation; upon all which instruments were taken, the Moderator concluded with prayer, and singing 133 psalm. The Commissioner gave in his abovementioned speech in write, and required the same to be recorded.”—WODROW’S *Analecta*, vol. 2. p. 33.

